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8 Tiptree Lane

Temple 46

7/4/98

my dear Lane

Kindly The little book
wh you promised to take a
copy of is done, & here it is.

The price 10/6 makes
it convenient to the General,
It is due to its trapping, wh,

I hope, on a little weather,
the subject.

You won't mind the time

I know when I tell you that

it is largely gone already to

a deserving body who has

illustrated the Drama

with some skill.

The text

is a poor thing, but mine own,

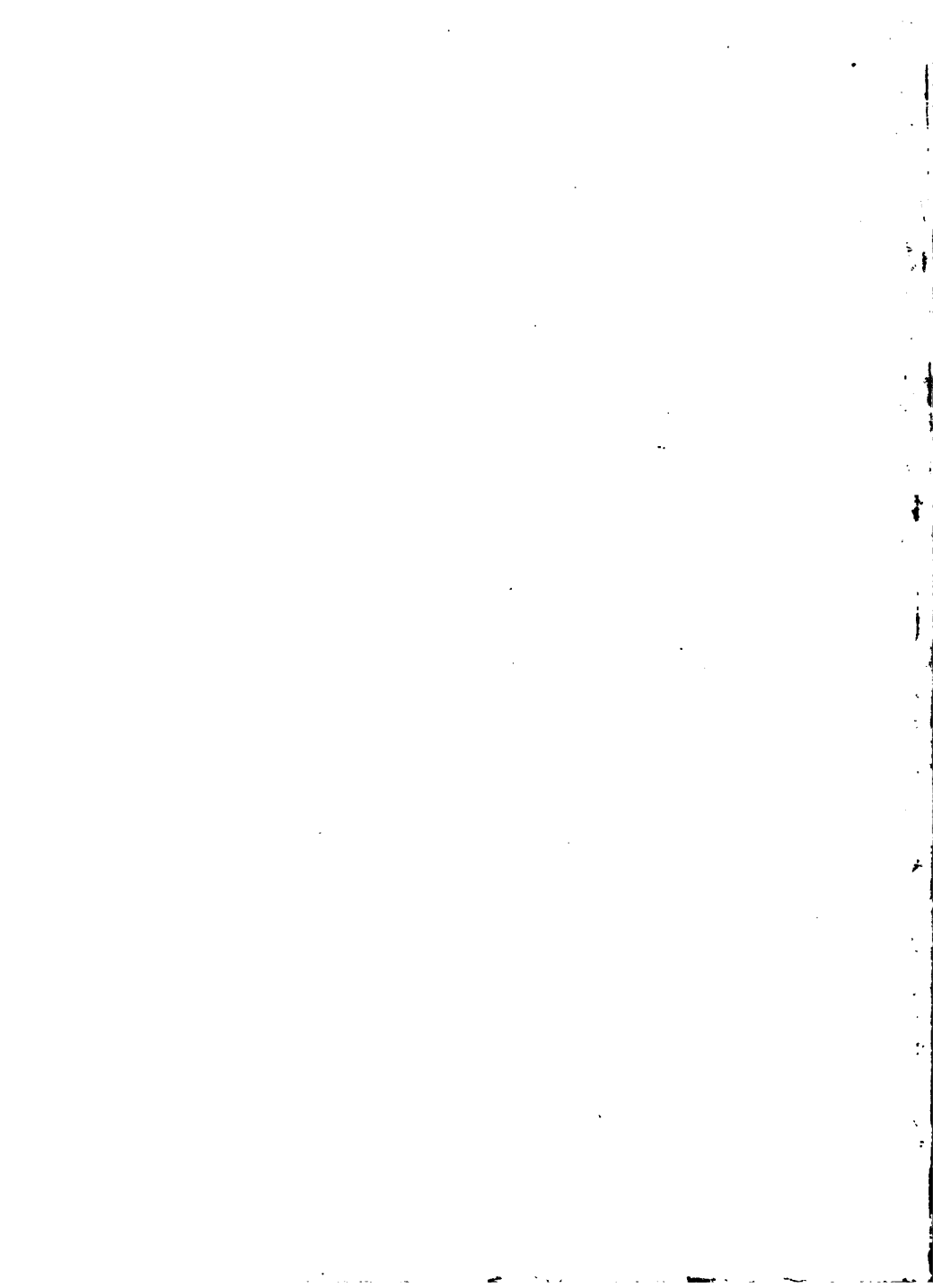
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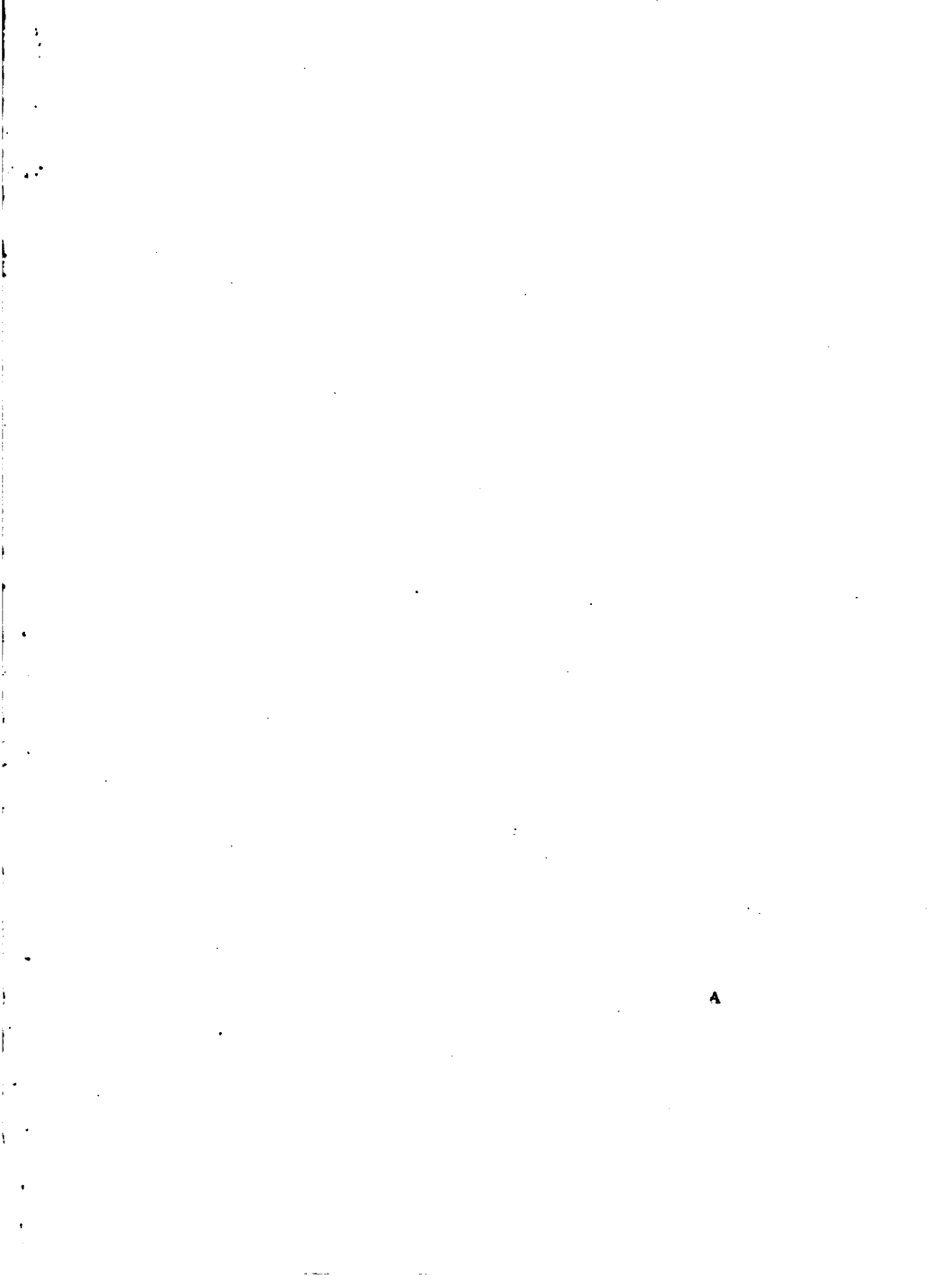
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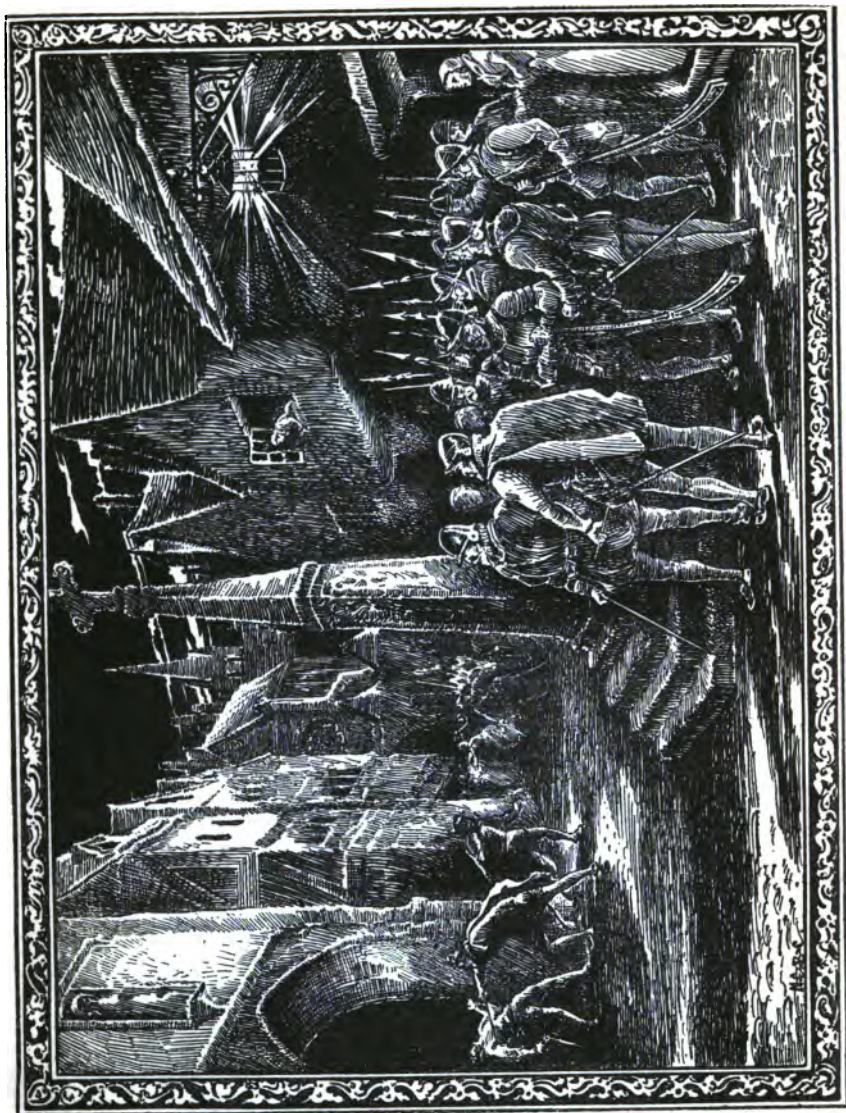
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"WE MUST STAND FAST, AND WAIT THE CAPTAIN HERE."

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W. J. DIXON

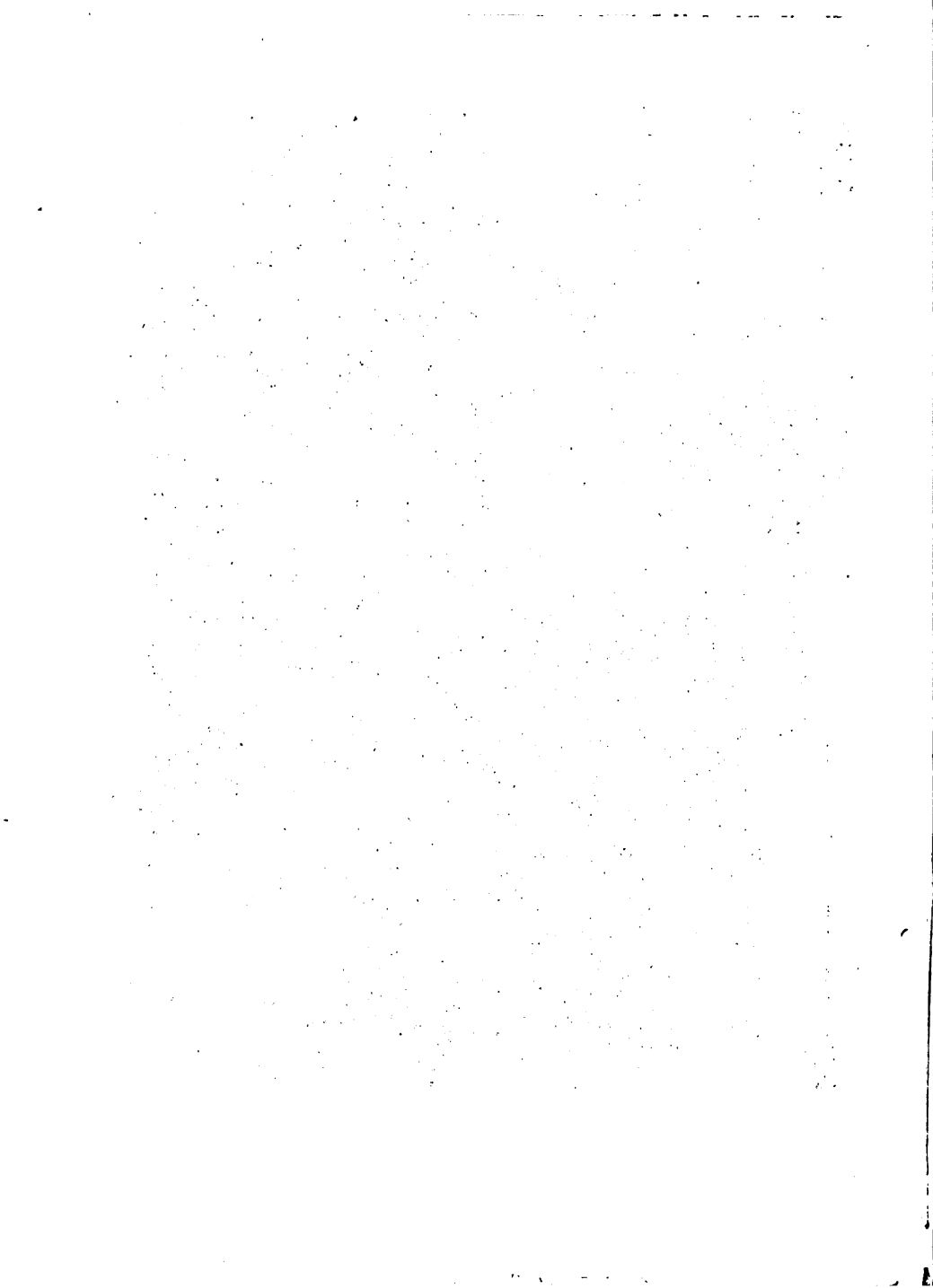
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SIR WALTER RALEGH

A Tragedy in Five Acts

BY

W. J. DIXON, B.A., LL.M.

TRIN. AUL. CANT.

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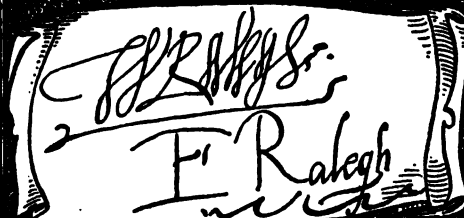
N. C. BISHOP-CULPEPER

LONDON

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1897

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INTRODUCTION.

If in this, a first—and perhaps a last—attempt to clamber up *scopulos Musarum* (the crags of the Muses), 'neath the awful gaze of Melpomene, the stately Muse of Tragedy, the author has occasionally been lured from the beaten Highway of History, he hopes that those who are familiar with the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh will not find in the following pages a reckless lapsing into the wilder regions of fiction and falsehood.

To preserve a continuity of action, at long intervals, in a Career teeming, from the outset, with “moving accidents by flood and field” is not easy; and if, in attempting this, the author has strayed at times from the authentic Records of Raleigh's life, he has speedily returned to them and followed them to their tragic close.

To take an instance—his movements from Moncontour to St. Bartholomew are hidden in the twilight of obscurity. That he was in Paris on that fatal Night of August 24th, 1572, is not certain. Nor is it certain that he was not

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
Introduction.

there. But it is certain that he was in France. And it is easy to imagine this brave young Englishman, and his devoted band of Devon troopers, wandering from the Battle-field to the Coast, for England, through many months of difficulty and danger. And, if they were actually in Paris on that Night, no very violent effort of the imagination is needed to picture them, professed adherents, as they were, of the hunted Huguenots, driven to take refuge in Sir Francis Walsingham's Hotel. Nor have the other digressions been more devious than this.

Here and there an occasional saying or repartee of Raleigh's will be found in the text; also other sayings, current in his Day. Of these the author of this Drama has gratefully availed himself, to impart, if possible, some slight tincture of the Time with which it deals, and which his own unaided pen was utterly powerless to reproduce.

In conclusion the Author here thanks warmly one of Raleigh's more recent and "honest chroniclers," Mr. Stebbing, for the valuable assistance he has derived from his pages, while following this great Elizabethan from his early manhood to his brilliant but tragic death in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

BARNES, S.W.
November, 1897.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

SIR T. PERROT.

LORD HOWARD *of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England.*

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

LORD CECIL.

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR G. HARVEY, *Governor of the Tower*

SIR H. BEESTON, *a Cheshire Knight.*

LORD ARUNDEL.

LORD NORTHAMPTON.

MASTER HAWKINS.

CAPTAIN KEYMIS.

EDMUND SPENSER.

JOHN ELLIOTT.

WALTER BURRE, *a Publisher.*

FRANCIS THYNNE.

DEAN MONTEIGNE } *of Westminster*

DEAN TOWNSON }

CHARLES, *a Black Boy from Guiana.*

First, Second, and Third Courtiers.

The Executioner.

The Sheriffs.

An Old Man.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BESSIE THROCKMORTON, }
MISTRESS DORMER, } *Maids of Honour.*
MISTRESS BAYNAM, }

PRINCESS ARABELLA STUART.

LADY HOWARD *of Effingham.*

MADAME BEAUMONT, *wife of the French Ambassador.*

*Lords and Ladies, Courtiers, Pages, Maids of Honour, Attendants,
Captain of the Tower, Messengers, Men-at-Arms, Yeomen of the Guard,
Villagers, Innkeeper, Catholic Priest, Irish and French populace, Clerk,
Morris Dancers, The King's Huntsmen and Hawkers, Prison Warders,
Priests, Choristers, Vergers, etc.*

SCENERY.*

ACT I.

- Scene 1. A Market Cross in Paris.
Scene 2. Royal Landing-stage at Greenwich.
Scene 3. Terrace Hall at Windsor.

ACT II.

- Scene 1. Windsor Vale.
Scene 2. The Hoe at Plymouth.

ACT III.

- Scene 1. Kilcolman Castle.
Scene 2. Windsor Terrace *temp.* Queen Elizabeth
Scene 3. Sherborne Castle.

ACT IV.

- Scene 1. Windsor Terrace *temp.* James I.
Scene 2. Raleigh's prison in the Bloody Tower.

ACT V.

- Scene 1. Westminster Abbey.
Scene 2. Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

* Act I., Scene 1, is in France ; Act III., Scene 1, is in Ireland ;
all the others are in England.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A market cross in Paris, with narrow streets converging. Midnight. Enter a small band of English Men-at-Arms under JOHN HAWKINS, and halt at the cross, followed by an angry crowd.*

Hawkins.



HAT means this Rabble, by an
angry mood,
And fitful mouthing, as we pass
it by?
Were 't not that Captain Raleigh
bade me speed,
And halt not till we'd reached
this ancient Cross,

Holding no parley in these crooked Streets,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 1.

We would have stayed, ere this, and questioned straight
The smothered purpose of these sullen men.
'Twould seem they know we're from some Field of War—
Did I not catch Moncontour on the tongue
Of yon ungainly yokel?

1st Man-at-Arms. Marry! so

Did we, good Master Hawkins, when he named
The Fight, his comrades scowled, and muttered all,
Glaring, like Wolves upon a hungry quest,
But, as they marked no wavering in our ranks,
And in our rugged port and bristling Arms
Read action, quick and angry as their own,
They wisely came not on us.

2nd Man-at-Arms. Yet, we would

They had—our bull-dog blood is up—a word
From you, good Master, and we'll whet our fangs
Amid these cravens——

Hawkins. Nay! I prithee, peace.

We are not here to quarrel with a scowl,
And bare our trusty blades at lowering brows—
Did I not warn you that our Captain's charge
Was "Heed them not and keep your onward way"?
So on, in silence, shunning show of strife,
Lest you should raise the Watch, and parley then
Should trap us in their toils, and we be clapped
Within some Guard-room walls, in durance close,
For days.—Nay! lower your weapons, and pass on
With looks of peace. 'Tis Master Raleigh's will
We break not with the populace this night.

[*The clamour increases.*]

Surely some baleful mischief is abroad ;
All Paris seems astir, and yet the hour
Betokens time of Sleep and nightly rest.
Now I remember that our Leader's brow
Was ominous of ill if strife began.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 1.

"Heed not the mob," said He, "but speed ye on,
Tempt not these Wolves of France into a brawl,
Nor wag your tongues, lest blood be freely spilt."
Such were his orders, and we'll mind them well :
So on, I say, and seek the City Gate
Forthwith, ere wild confusion reign——

[*A Church Bell rings.*

Too late !

We must stand fast, and wait the Captain here—
Our way is barred, the Welkin is alive.
Some fearful deed *is* doing, then, this night.
The worst I feared was ne'er so black as this.

Enter RALEGH.

Raleigh. Where are my men? Methinks they should
be here.

[*Three assassins attack him.*

Ah! what! ye'd cut my thread of Life so soon?
Back! fool! beware. Thou heed'st me not? Then die!
Have at thee! treacherous dog!

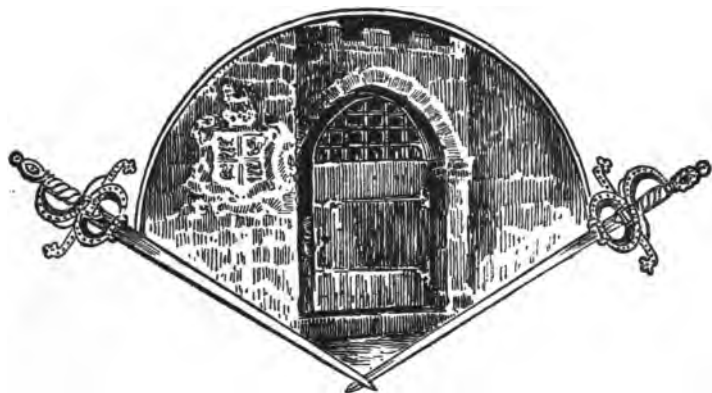
[*Strikes one down: the others fly.*

I bad thee turn

In time and live, not rush upon thy doom—
To cross me now was certain death—alas!
My heart rejects such ghastly cheer as this:
And yet 'twas fated he or I must die,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 1.

For, while he lived, my foes were three to one—
Ah ! Hawkins, art thou here ? Quick, face we round,
And, with an armed front, retreat at once,
Lest other deaths than this should mark our course.
By cruel *Fiat* of the Mother Queen,
Foul Murder, in the garb of Holy Faith,
Stalks rampant now o'er all this Land. Yon Bell
Gives signal here within the City Walls.
Our Tryst upon the coastward road is blocked,
And we must fight our passage, foot to foot,
And die, like Soldiers, 'mid the Clash of Arms.
'Tis ever so in War—but, stay ! 'tis well,
My Lord of Walsingham's Hotel is near ;
March we in order on—his Gate once gained,
We shall escape awhile Death's fell Arrest,
For harmless Sanctuary within is ours,
If we but ask for succour at this pass.
Now, Men of Devon, to the rank and march. [*Exeunt.*



“WALSINGHAM'S HOTEL.”



SCENE II.—*The royal landing-stage at Greenwich, the park behind.*

Enter two Courtiers R. and L., and SIR T. PERROT

1st Courtier.



GOOD-MORROW! gentle
Knight!
The Day speeds bravely, and
the bounteous Sun
Doth deck the River with a
glittering Robe,
Whose myriad wavelets, spark-
ling to the eye,
Cajole our sight as with a silvery Sea.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

Sir T. P. But, tell me, Sirs, what is't that brings you here?

1st Courtier. This Morn so bright, the Queen doth take the air,

Upon the kindly current of the stream ;
Her Barge, obedient to the ebbing tide,
Glides softly by the Portals of the Tower,
Whereat She bids her bargemen moor, and waits
While we, the bearers of her daily Will,
Press on, that loyal Greenwich may prepare,
With goodly Welcome, at the stroke of Noon,
To greet Her Majesty, and all her Train.

Sir T. P. Methinks She doth command Sol's every Beam,

So oft He shines when She doth venture forth.
Her Majesty with all her Train, you said ?
A goodly Retinue of moths and drones,
These idlers, ever basking in her gaze.

1st Courtier. A truce, Sir Thomas, to your envious tongue ;

Scant grace were yours, did but our Mistress know
How apt you are to cavil at her Train.
Spake you, as now, beneath yon threatening Walls,
When She might know the working of your spleen,
And soon a Dungeon would your presence claim,
With hempen pallet, and a prisoner's fare.
Your Metaphor is like to lose a point—
There comes a Bee, amid these moths and drones,
Seeking Life's honied sweets in every flower,
And counting Fame the sweetest of them all.

Know you young Raleigh, back but now from France? Sir Walter
Escaped from out the Massacre unharmed, Raleigh.
A hardened Soldier, tried in many a Field, I. 2.
Reckless of life, as Gamblers at a throw,
A mannered Courtier, and a son of Mars,
Whose comely port will catch the Royal eye,
An I mistake not, like a Beam of Light.

Sir T. P. This Honey-Bee doth buzz a note too loud :
Whose tongue, but his, hath talked of Fields in France,
Of life, rough-handled as the Gambler's die?

2nd Courtier. Not He, good Knight of Envy, but his
man,

One Hawkins, true and tested like himself,
Who tells young Raleigh's praises, not his own,
With lavish tongue, and semblance of the truth,
Which few would question lightly.

Sir T. P.

Take you heed,

How oft these babblers' Swans are flapping geese.
But, say you, comes this stripling here to-day?

2nd Courtier. Ay marry, but no stripling lad is he—
A favoured Gallant, manlier than yourself,
With all the graces that Parisian Courts,
And hope of prompt advancement can provide.

Sir T. P. I'll watch this hungry fledgling of the
Times:

If he be fortune-favoured, as ye say,
And formed to catch the Royal eye at once,
Its busy wearer with her eagle Glance
Will scan him thro', ere yet an hour be past,
And, if he lack the wit such presence needs,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

Nay, seems to promise, She will prove him bare,
And send him packing back to France.

1st Courtier.

My Gage

He'll lack nor courtly wit, nor ready tongue,
If Opportunity doth aid his turn.

But, while we wrangle in this mood, we lose
The purpose of our hasting here. At Noon
Our Gracious Mistress and her Court will come,
And we must noise her coming 'mid the throng,
That honest folk may welcome her approach.
She loves to mingle kindly with them all,
And join in converse with their lowly hearts.

[To the assembled Villagers.]

Good friends, your Queen comes here by Barge to-day,
To saunter o'er your undulating swards,
And quaff the freshness of these bosky glades;
She bids you all attend Her at this spot,
And greet Her kindly when She steps ashore.

All. We will! we will! long live our gracious Queen.

2nd Courtier. *[To a village maid.]* Hie home, sweet
lass, and don your smartest gown,

I warrant you, the Queen will mark you all,
And read a welcome in your prim attire.

A Rustic. Come, neighbours, let us do the Gallant's
bidding.

2nd Courtier. Be speedy, for Her Grace comes quickly
on.

All. We'll back and greet her, tricked in all our best.

[Exeunt the Villagers.]

Sir T. P. How soon these yokels listen to your tale,

As if our Queen gave thought to such as these.

1st Courtier. Thought, say you ? Ay, and more than
thought is hers,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

For all her subjects, high and low alike.
Methinks that Envy hath disturbed your brain,
Or you had known it. Wait you her approach ?
See, where She comes !

Sir T. P.

Ay, being here, I'll stay.

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and her train, and BESSIE
THROCKMORTON ; the Villagers return.*

Queen E. My worthy townsfolk, give you greeting all,
Oppressed by troubling for her people's weal,
Your Queen has come, this joyous Summer Morn,
To breathe the fragrance of the country air,
With sylvan scenes to soothe an aching brow,
And share your pastime 'neath the Gaze of Jove ;
She too would drive away that Gorgon Care,
And all the gloomy Satellites she brings,
With sunny smiles, and mantling glow of health,
The blushing tell-tale of a life like yours,
Which you, good lads and lasses, bear to-day.

Enter RALEGH.

Sir T. P. Your Majesty forgets their low degree,
In envying them the humble life they lead.

Queen E. Come, come, Sir Knight, I know my people
well.

Dost think that Fashion with her paltry wiles,
That ambling sycophants, whose every breath

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

Is drawn 'mid flattery and deceiving arts,
Shall taint the air my humbler subjects breathe,
And mar the happiness of scenes like these?
I tell thee nay! The yokel, in clean smock,
And village maiden, in her Sunday gown,
With simple thoughts of daily toil and rest,
Have hearts that know not Fashion's envious ways:
Beshrew me! shall they learn them from their Queen?
Sir Knight, they shall not, nor from thee. But come!
The Morn's far spent, and yet we linger here.
Seek we the sward, and mount yon smiling Hill,
Whence dear old London, centre of our World,
Looming with Spires and Pinnacles afar,
Gleaming, enchanted, in the hazy West,
Jewels the prospect to our wandering eye.
What have we here? God's Mass, 'tis Kentish mire!

[*RALEGH draws near.*]

Small hindrance this, yet 'twill suffice to stay
Our progress, if we do not turn aside,
And so go round it.

Sir T. P. True, your Majesty,
There is no art can compass it but this.

Raleigh. [*Aside.*] This Popinjay hath but a barren wit.—
Thou Sun of Heaven, befriend me at this turn,
And speed my fortunes with this gentle Queen.
I pray Thee, gracious Sovereign, pause awhile—

[*Spreads his mantle for her.*]

Now, if your Majesty will deign to pass,
The obstacle preventing Thee is gone,
The way is clear, the Sun's bright beams are Thine,

Smiling, in welcome, on thy Royal path,
And sweetly beckoning Thee to yonder Hill.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

Queen E. We give thee thanks, young Sir, and yet
it hurts

Us much to see thy Mantle in the mire.

Raleigh. Heed not, I pray Thee, that my cloak is soiled:
Believe me, 'tis but protest that my heart,
My life, are ready at a moment's call;
For thy behests I'd risk them every hour.
This day hath raised me to a higher sphere,
A hope of action, for thy Realm and Thee.

Queen E. I prithee tell me, for thou seem'st a Man,
And men are worthy Rank and Fortune too,
Who'd do our bidding, with a will like thine—
I'll prove thee soon—but tell me, hast thou served Me
yet?

Raleigh. In France, my Liege, I joined a Troop
Of Horse, at thy Command, to aid Navarre's
Fair Queen. Our Leader was a Knight of Devon.

Queen E. Navarre's good cause was worsted, I have
heard.

Raleigh. 'Tis true, at Moncontour we fought in vain,
The Foe outnumbered far her sparing Band,
But Heaven and Justice will uphold Her still.

Queen E. Say, wert thou still in France when Murder
stalked,

Fierce and relentless as the raging Sea,
On Night of Bartlemy, throughout the Land?

Raleigh. In Paris, gracious Queen, the Assassin's steel
We 'scaped by sheltering in the guarded Pile,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

Which kept my Lord of Walsingham unharmed.

Queen E. Alas! the hatred of Medici's Queen.

Thy name, Sir Soldier?

Raleigh.

Raleigh, gracious Liege,
And kin to Him who led the Troop of Horse.

Queen E. 'Tis well, I thank thee, once again, young
Sir—

And now, ye Gallants, we will seek the Park,
And thou, brave Raleigh, keep thee near Ourselves.
We soon shall find commission for thy Sword.

[*Exeunt all but RALEGH.*

Raleigh. Brave! said She, and so soon? Hope's
golden Beam

Doth bid me on. Ah! Fame, what art thou that
My every thought is thine? A luring phantom,
On the Field of War, 'mid shock of Battle,
Or on the mighty billows of the Deep,
When tempests wild engulph thy thirsting sons,
And slake their craving with a watery doom;
'Mid every danger, dangling to the eye
Thy bootless Guerdon, 'tis the dreamer's prize.
I know Thee, yet I still thy track pursue,
Where Prowess doth proclaim thy sons supreme:
I may not shun Thee, for thy Goal is life.—
Bright Thamias, on whose bosom borne I came,
To dally 'mid the idlers of the Court,
A nameless unit in a titled Throng,
And in a moment gained my dearest wish,
I owe Thee much, Pactolus scarce could give
More welcome ferry on his golden Wave,

Than Thou, in bearing me to anchor here.
God wot! the World is but an Oyster fish,
Whose mollusc shells my trusty Sword shall ope,
And aid me grasp the hidden Pearls within—
But I must speed me to the Queen's right hand,
And watch the varying chances of the Hour.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 2.

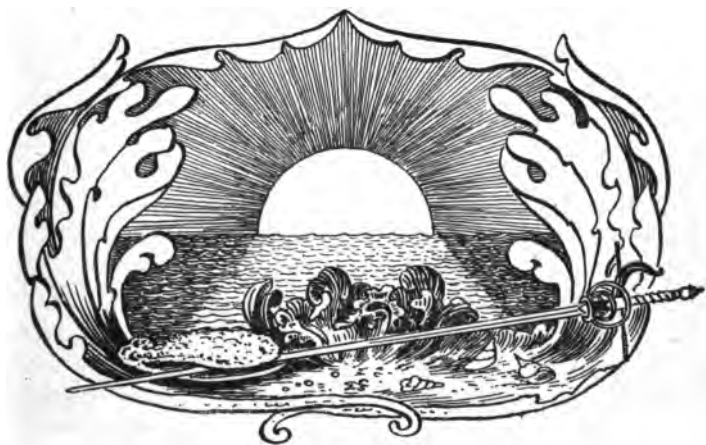
Queen E. [*Returning with her train.*] What, straying
from our side so soon?

Raleigh. Ah no!
Your Majesty. Hope charmed me, and I dreamed.

Queen E. But now thou'rt on the Sea of busy Life.

Raleigh. [*Advancing.*] In wakeful ardour for whate'er
shall be,
My Liege, I come.

[*Exeunt.*]





SCENE III.—*Panelled Hall at Windsor, opening on to Terrace.*

Enter 1st and 2nd Courtiers.

1st Courtier.



THOU com'st in time ;
Her Majesty has left the Council Board,
And all the Lords are passing
out in State,
Pleased that the sitting doth
break up so well,
That censure finds no place in
their discourse.

2nd Courtier. Some weighty matter was afoot ?

1st Courtier.

Lord Grey and Captain Raleigh were accused
Of high offences 'mid the Irish Kerns,
In rude Kilkenny, where the Soldiers' bourne
Is to keep order with the naked Sword,
And grim persuasion of the pistol ball.

It was. Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 3.

2nd Courtier. A troublous task.

1st Courtier.

Ay, as to cage wild wolves.

With stern upbraiding, ere he drew the Sword,
Young Raleigh chid a lawless Irish brood,
At which, with clamour, stones, and keen-edged scythes,
These caitiffs strove to drive him from the Field,
And would have slain a trooper in his Band,
If Raleigh had not torn him from their grasp,
And seized the Leader of the vengeful mob.

2nd Courtier. No "silken dalliance" this, methinks.

1st Courtier.

Ay, true.

Upon his back, as 'twere a traveller's pack,
He carried osier-withies in a sheaf;
And, when the Captain sought to know his bent,
"With these," said he, "we hang the English churls."
"Tis well," said Raleigh, "they shall serve our need,
And hang this day a saucy Irish Kern,
To teach sharp lesson in this lawless Land."
With that he strung him on the nearest tree,
And bade his comrades shun a kindred fate,
And let not subjects of the Queen he served.

2nd Courtier. And were there ingrates found to cavil?

1st Courtier.

Ay,

For acts like this was Raleigh called to Court,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 3.

And with him too Lord Grey, who led the Troop.
He but obeyed his Leader 'gainst these Kerns.

2nd Courtier. His acts betokened high resolve.

1st Courtier.

Now list,

My Lord spoke mildly, and in anxious mood,
As if he dreaded to displease the Queen.

*Enter RALEGH L., writes on window pane, his man
following with pipe and tobacco.*

But Raleigh answered, with a fearless tongue,
That while he served Her in yon rugged Isle,
Than which he sooner would tend Devon sheep,
The people there should do her Royal will.
So well he justified his fixed resolve,
That, at a trice, 'tis said, he gained the ear
Of all the Board, and chiefly of the Queen.

2nd Courtier. Why, yonder halts he at the window-
pane,

As if he viewed good fortune in the glass.

1st Courtier. [*To RALEGH.*] Give you good-day, Sir
Captain; fared you well

Before the Council?

Raleigh.

Ay, and now am free.

2nd Courtier. Her Majesty absolved you, so we hear.

Raleigh. 'Tis as you say.

1st Courtier.

Then join us 'neath the Sun,

Upon the Terrace.

Raleigh.

Nay, come sit ye here.

With open casement give me leave to try
The soothing friendship of this fragrant Weed,

Which grew and bloomed, erewhile, beyond the Seas.
For there 'tis dried and by the Indians dressed,
And smoked in Calumets by all the Chiefs,
Till from their heavy brows the clouds depart,
And lo ! instead, sweet looks of comfort come.
If they could woo it, why not such as We ?
Sure God intends His Gifts for all alike,
The swarthy Redskins and fair England's sons.
I pray you pardon, while my man prepares,
That I may smoke.

Sir Walter
Ralegh.
I. 3.

1st Courtier. And we will watch thee too,
Perchance to join thee, if thou lik'st it well.
A merry Jest to smoke a burning Weed,
And draw enchantment from the smouldering ash.

Ralegh. That will I do, unless their faces lied,
Whose looks I scanned beneath the Western Skies.

2nd Courtier. 'Tis strange to see thee.

Ralegh. Nay, I follow those,
Who have essayed before me and achieved
Their wish. But see, we must break off forthwith.

The Queen approaches, and, 'mid her Maids of Honour,
is BESSIE THROCKMORTON.

We shall offend Her Majesty's fair sense ;
This Weed's aroma doth pervade the Air,
All else that was of it being burnt away,
'Twere vain to hope to hide it from the Queen.

Queen E. Nay, hide it not, Sir Captain, we have heard
That thou hast brought some Weed across the Seas,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 3.

Which lulls its smokers like a wakeful Dream.
Check not thy comfort, if thou smok'st it now ;
I fain would watch this potent Spell at work,
And know whence springs such vaunted halcyon Charm.
Smoke on, that we may watch thy conjuring will :
Think not thou canst so easily cajole us—
Take heed lest we entrap thee in the Snare
Thou layest for others.

Raleigh. Nay, there is no Snare,
Your gracious Majesty, but simple Truth.
As you do bid me, I will smoke again,
That, if you mark aught dubious in my act,
I may make clear the Miracle thou seest.
I would impart the Boon to every man,
That lurks unseen within this Western Weed.

[*RALEGH smokes again. The smoke rises and disappears.*]

Queen E. See how, in countless strange fantastic
shapes,
These fairy wreaths do mount into the Air,
And mingling gently, vanish from the eye,
Yet leave behind a Perfume sweet, to tell
They have been here. Sir Soldier, canst thou count
How much these wandering Films of Azure weigh ?
I'll wager thee ten solid golden Crowns
Thou canst not.

[*Puts down the gold.*]

Raleigh. Nay, I pray you, gracious Queen,
Risk not your gold, for you will lose it straight.

Queen E. If thou canst tell me, it is freely thine.
Thou dar'st not risk the Wager I invite.

Raleigh. Nay, say not so, my Liege, I'd save your
purse.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 3.

I'll tell you, surely as yon Sun doth shine.

Queen E. Tell on, and seek not to elude me more.

Raleigh. I weigh the Weed, and smoke it, till 'tis gone,
And then the ashes in the opposing scale.
Those fairy cloudlets, ambient in the air,
Could we assay them on the scales with these,
By equal product would but counterpoise
The Weed.

Queen E. Thou reasonest tersely, Sir, indeed ;
Thy argument is true, come, take the Gold,
'Tis fairly thine, the price of ready wit.
Full many a Gambler turns his gold to smoke,
But thou hast turned thy empty smoke to gold.
Tell up the pieces, Sir, and mark me well,
Within a week I'll win my Wager back,
In close encounter, with a wit as keen
As thine. Come, let us hence.

[*The Queen, in retiring, passes the window-
pane.*]

Raleigh. [*Taking up the gold.*] Now, by my troth,
How soon this gold is mine. Luck, fickle Jade,
Befriends me for the Nonce, and bids me shun
The beaten Highways of this dusty Earth—
Surely 'tis Sorrow rides the tardy Ass,
Prosperity doth soar on Eagle's wings,
And so will I.

[*The Queen reads his writing.*]

But soft, by Heaven, she reads
The Scroll I scratched but now on yonder Pane,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 3.

And She will tell 'tis mine. An hour ago
She read my Irish letters at the Board,
I would not have her know how bold the flight
Of my desire. Nay, She will probe it not.

Queen E. [Reads aloud.] "Fain would I climb, but
that I fear to fall."

Methinks I know the hand that figures here.
I read ambition in the writer's brain,
'T may be he'd have me fathom not his bent.
Too late! I'll answer as 'tis writ, for sure
The couplet none but he will read aright.
"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

[Writes.]

Now shall I prove the Mettle of this Man. *[Exit.]*

Raleigh. [Aside.] She spells and ponders. Ay, and
writes below.

'Tis well that few amid her Train can read,
Or all were patent to their prying eyes.

[Returns to the window and reads again.]

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.
If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

A gentle answer, truly, and a kind.

She reads my heart as 'twere transparent glass,
Though I had thought my purpose hidden deep,
And barely hinted in that Dreamer's scroll.

She deems I would aspire to win her Hand,
Though fearing danger in so keen a course,
That I would climb till I had reached her side,
But, dreading headlong Ruin in a fall,
Would linger, craven, mid my fellow men.
Yet, still encouraging my onward path,

She cheers my progress with a gentle word,
Which, while it doth my purpose seem to check,
Says truly, "Courage, man, and speed thee on,
Take heart of grace, and faint not by the way,
At thought of ills which Fear alone will bring."
Then Fear, I banish thee beyond my ken.
Though I were steeped in Lethe I should wake.
My hopes are budding like the Flowers of Spring—
And yet the Maid who followed in her Train,
Crossing my eye at Greenwich like a Star,
And turning all its darkness into light,
This lovely Vision, fixing all my gaze,
Would tempt a Hermit to forsake his cell,
And lure him on to laugh at priestly vows,
To be again by Nature's laws a Man,
A sharer of the Joy of joys on Earth,
The proud recipient of sweet Woman's love.—
I seek to mate with England's Maiden Queen,
And now a beauteous Angel doth appear,
To snare my heart, and draw me from her side.
Alas! like every charm that Life doth give,
This Dream of Love runs counter to my Soul. [Exit.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
I. 3.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Woodland glade, Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESSES BAYNAM and DORMER, and Pages.

Baynam.

ETHOUGHT I knew the manly
air and gait
Of that fair Gallant in the Ter-
race Hall.

'Twas he whose cloak was foot-
cloth to the Queen,
At Greenwich Town——

Dormer. And I remember now,

How quick he brought him to the front that day——



Baynam. And put those perfumed Lordlings all to shame. Sir Walter
Raleigh.

Dormer. His cloak was crimson velvet, fringed with lace, II. 1.

And must have cost him many a golden crown.

Baynam. True, yet he'll gain his monies back, an' if
His ventures take so fair a turn as that.

Didst hear his smoking wager with the Queen,
Who only wagers when full sure to win?

Dormer. Ay, and I marked an airy message pass,
Young Cupid's cartel, silent and unseen,
Save 'twixt fair Mistress Throckmorton and him.

Baynam. By others seen not, yet 'twas seen by thee,
Or we had not made gossip of them now,

Enter MISTRESS THROCKMORTON, listlessly.

See how she loiters, with a love-lorn air,
And doleful step, as damsels ever do
When Cupid strikes them first. Come, Mistress Bess,
Why lag the hours so wearily with thee?
Why art thou heavy on a morn like this,
When all is bright and beautiful afield,
When Windsor's Vale abounds with Summer's joys,
And Nature's sweetest Welcome is thine own?

Bessie T. Nay, say not heavy, yet my heart is full
Of wayward fancies, and of strange unrest,
Of fitful craving for some unknown balm,
Of hungry longing for some nearer joy;
O'er hearts that hunger Nature's charms are vain—
What 'tis I know not, so I cannot tell.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 1.

A lurking sadness doth possess me now.
I envy e'en these Dwellers in the woods,
Whose thrilling transports echo thro' the Glade ;
Their hearts are free to hymn the Bliss they feel,
Their flights, unfettered, bear them where they list,
In cageless Freedom, through the spacious Air ;
While we must keep our heart's desires untold,
The natural impulse of our Souls pent in,
And wander, prisoned on this Earth below,
Who, had we wings, would waft us to the Skies.

Baynam. Hast thou no inkling what hath stirred thy
soul,

And struck thee sad, when all the World is gay ?

Bessie T. I, ne'er a whit, and yet the Lark that springs
In rapture upward, when the Dawn is full,
Whose note grows sweeter as he nears the Sun,
Doth seem to tell me, when to Earth he drops,
And swiftly joins a sharer of his bliss,
Whose heart but beats in concord with his own.

Baynam. I read the secret of this aching void ;
Thy heart is hung'ring for the food of Love ;
A kindred heart, that hungers like thine own,
Hath hovered near thee, now this many a day.
It is not yet thine own, so thou art sad,
But Cupid, ever busy with his Bow,
Hath sped the Arrow that will make it thine.
Thy cheek betrays thee though thy tongue is still.

Bessie T. I blush not, Cousin, 'tis the healthful Morn
That bids the current of my being rise.

Baynam. I ask thy pardon, for I read thee wrong.

Methought young Raleigh—but hast heard the news Sir Walter
[*BESSIE THROCKMORTON becomes confused.* Raleigh.
That neighbour Gossip whispers through the Court? II. 1.

A Duel's to be fought, at point of Swords,
Betwixt this Raleigh and Sir Thomas Perrot,
Touching the doings of that Greenwich Morn.
A Tale hath reached the Knight, and thus it runs :
That Raleigh, with a gesture of contempt,
Did dub him Popinjay and barren too,
When told how he had shunned some Let that day,—
But here is He who can deny the tale,
If 'tis untrue, or blazon it as Truth.

Enter RALEGH and 1st Courtier.

Raleigh. Hail ! Ladies sweet as Nymphs of Tempe's
Vale,

With cheeks a-glow like Dian's 'mid the Chase,
As Venus lovely, and as Vesta pure,
Fairer than all the Flowers that greet the eye ;
An' if 'tis Truth you seek, no further stray,
Accept our homage at your Beauty's Shrine,
Think not we flatter, Truth doth answer nay,
'Tis but the Meed of Beauty that we pay.

Baynam. If 'tis not Flattery, then 'tis Truth doth lie.
Thy candied Phrases, tripping from the tongue,
Sugared with Honey from a drone-marred Hive,
Tell us no truth about the rumoured Strife
Betwixt Sir Thomas Perrot and thyself.

Raleigh. Fair Lady, do you bid me speak of that,
Which will but fright away the dear Delights,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 1.

And soft Enchantment of this glorious Morn?
To speak of Discord would profane those ears,
Whose senses should be lulled by gentlest Sounds,
By rippling Streamlet, note of woodland Bird,
The dulcet cooing of the cushat-Dove,
The fairy tinkling of sweet silv'ry Bells,
The echoing music of a Village peal,
Or, sweetest sound that greets a Woman's ear,
The twilight whispering of a stricken Swain.

Baynam. Plague on these fancies of thy nimble tongue,
We do not live in thy ideal World :
Return, and tread again this dusty Earth,
Engage thy mind with things that are, once more,
And tell us if thou dost intend to fight
With——

Bessie T. [Agitated.] Prithee, Sir, thou surely wilt
not tempt
The cruel Sword upon so slight a Cause?
Thou dost embolden us to plead with thee,
Who know thee but by name.

Raleigh. Sweet Damosel,
Wouldst thou not brush a Burr from off thy Cheek,
Or pluck a tangling Briar from out thy Path?
Lest they should cling to thee with rude embrace,
And mar thy Beauty, and thy progress too.

Baynam. Truce to the Gambols of thy brain ! While
thou
Dost ride the Empyrean of thy thoughts,
We fain would know if thou art bent on Strife
With yonder Knight.

Raleigh. See how those giant Clouds
Speed on in Grandeur, changing as they go,
Their Battlements all bright with Fringe of Gold—
A glorious Panorama of the Skies.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 1.

Baynam. Nay, an thou seek'st the Clouds, amid them
stay. [To 1st Courtier.

You, Sir, can answer if a Quarrel's rife
Betwixt this Dreamer and the prattling Knight.

1st Courtier. Ah, fair one, since thou bid'st me, I
obey.

The Captain spake at random—'tis his wont—
To see the Knight so barren of resource,
When but confronted with a patch of Mire.

The Knight, whose Sword seems readier than his wit—

Raleigh. Than which it need be, or 'twere parlous
slow—

1st Courtier. When hearing of the Captain's heedless
gibe,

With angry passion hath pressed home his spleen,
At which this Gentle shot his bolt again,
And styled him chattering Parrot of the Woods.
This keener Quip hath touched him all too near,
And on the morrow, when the Dawn doth rise,
Their Strife of tongues will merge in vengeful blows,
Their trusty Swords—

Raleigh. [*Aside.*] Break off this talk of blows:
Bethink thee that this Picture thou dost draw,
Is scarce a pleasing one to Ladies' eyes.

[*BESSIE THROCKMORTON falters.*

[*Aside.*] See how She falters, like a timid Fawn—

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 1.

I feared this pass. My Comrade's words were rash.
Nay, Ladies, shrink not at the thought of that,
Which, to a Soldier, is his daily fare.

[*Exeunt all but RALEGH, with BESSIE
THROCKMORTON fainting.*

And so ! She hath revealed her inmost heart ;
May be, 'twill pass as but a Maiden's fear.
But no, fair Baynam hath a searching wit,
And finds Intrigue in every sidelong glance.
I marked how Mischief lurked behind her Gaze ;
If ever Purpose spake in Woman's eye,
This Morn's affair will quickly to the Queen.

*Enter 2nd Courtier and Sir T. PERROT talking
angrily.*

Sir T. P. I tell ye, Sirs, such insolence as this
Shall be requited when I meet that man.

2nd Courtier Nay ! Nay ! Sir Knight, 'twas but an
idle word.

Sir T. P. Idle or busy, Sir, this word shall back
To him that spake it, or I'll slit his tongue.

2nd Courtier. Tush ! Tush ! thou hast no stomach
for a Jest.

An' if thou'dst quarrel o'er a mirthful Phrase,
Thy Weapon would be walking all the day.

Sir T. P. Then it shall walk.

Raleigh. Nay ! Gentlemen, the Sun
Will shine no longer if you frown so black,
For Frowns are catching, and——

1st Courtier.

Alas ! they've met.

Sir T. P. [*Aside.*] By Heaven! 'tis he, and this shall
be our Tryst. [*Then to RALEGH.* Sir Walter
Methinks, Sir upstart, thou dost need a friend, Raleigh.
To teach thee curb the license of thy tongue. II. 1.

Raleigh. Pray, Sir! who art thou that dost flout me
thus? [*Looks at him.*]

Ah! I have seen thee, I remember now.
Thou'rt something angry to have heard the truth;
But, marry Sir, methinks thine ears are long,
Or thou dost rail me on another's word,
And heed unquestioned every Chatterer's tale.

Sir T. P. Deny this Venom of some fleering tongue,
Or, if 'tis thine, account thou shalt to me.

Raleigh. Nay! if thy comb is ruffled by a Quip,
If thou canst fret and fluster like a boy,
Whip out thy Bilbo, where a Man would smile,
And shrug his shoulders, as to say "'Tis naught,"
I'll not gainsay this braying of thy kind.

Sir T. P. Then cease thy scoffing, and defend thy-
self. [*Advances.*]

1st Courtier. But, Gentlemen, this is no place for
strife.

Raleigh. Nor Time, nor Place, can stay this fractious
fool.

Blood-letting is the cure for such as he,
And I, forsooth, must play the kindly Leech.

[*SIR T. PERROT draws.*]

Ah! if I needs must humour thee, come on.
Take heed thine eye is quicker than thy wit,
Or thou wilt ply thy toasting fork in vain,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 1.

And curse thy Choler, when this fit be o'er.

[They fight and RALEGH disarms him.]

And now, Sir Knight, I trust thy spleen is past.
Thine Honour is avenged, take back thy Sword.

[Gives it him.]

And this slight Bout, I charge ye, Gentlemen,
Keep buried in your thoughts. 'Tis true I spake
In mocking Jest, with arrow-pointed tongue;
I crave thy pardon, Knight. That Mood has gone.
With thee, no more, I'll bandy Jest or Quip.
But I was nurtured in a reckless School,
Where words and blows came free as Light and Air,
And Threats but steeled a Soldier to his bent.
List! Gentlemen! as we do love ourselves,
No hint of this must ever reach the Queen;
Your hands on 't. Now, my duty to you all.

[Appealing to SIR T. PERROT.]

We part as friends? Good morrow for the nonce.

[Exeunt, R. and L.]





SCENE II.—Plymouth Hoe. *Porch of Y^e Golden Hind, with Sea-Captains, Sailors, Townsfolk, and Inn-keeper, table and flagons eight years later. 1588.*

Enter DRAKE, FROBISHER, and LORD HOWARD.

Howard.



Y greeting, Gentlemen, and
masters all. [*Applause.*
I prithee hear me for a little
space.

[*Applause continues.*

Drake. Good Friends, the
Lord High Admiral of
the Fleet

Doth crave your silence, that he may proclaim

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 2.

The Purpose of Her Majesty the Queen,
Touching her Enemy, the King of Spain.

Howard. Nay, Friends, we are but Seamen, like
yourselves.

Be calm, and list to what we learnt at Sea.

[Applause ceases gradually.]

Corunna saw us scarce three days ago,
And we had not sought England's shores so soon,
But for a fear the Foe had 'scaped our care,
And speeding here, had landed at their will.
Though shaken sorely by the tumbling Seas,
They still are strong, and, had we not sailed back,
To stem their Onslaught on our 'fenceless Isle,
Our Danger had been greater than 'tis now.
They hope to find a Harbour on the Coast.
Methinks 'twere best to meet them on the Wave,
Nor ever let them anchor on our Shores.

[DRAKE and FROBISHER nod assent.]

Our Queen gave order to disband our crews,
Fearing to put the Nation to their cost.

Drake. She did not know her Peril in such case.

Howard. True. Much implored, She hath left all to
me.

Brave Comrades, we must keep her ships at Sea,

Enter RALEGH.

Till Spain's Invasion threaten us no more ;
And this I'll do at mine own privy charge.
I love my Country, and Our Queen's commands,
In word, or deed, no Howard disobeys.

And therefore shall her Coffers go untaxed,
And still her Realm be guarded 'gainst the Foe.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 2.

[*Applause.*]

Raleigh. My Lord, I pray thee let us share thy cost,
The Fleet is here, prepared for Battle-strife;
Leaping like Bloodhounds that would 'scape the leash,
And fasten grimly on yon Spanish throats.
'Tis said these Braggarts near us even now;
We've waited their approach since early June.
Come here they will, as sure as Day doth dawn;
And, till they do, our Queen were well advised
To keep her Ships and Seamen on the watch,
Hard round these Shores, protecting them at need.

Howard. But, should the Enemy essay to land,
You, too, Sir Francis, know these Spaniards well,
How would you seek their Onslaught to avert?

Drake. Marry! my Lord, I would attack them not,
In fighting order, or in Line arrayed.
'Tis true, I've had some traffic with these Dons,
In Shot and Steel, and angry show of War;
And know the method of their Ocean strife.
Their Ships, in beam, are bulkier than our own.
Their mighty Galleons tower above the Wave,
O'erreaching us by half a Vessel's height;
And they outnumber us as five to one.
If we but venture near their iron mouths,
Their topmost Guns will pour a raking fire
Along our decks, exposed from stem to stern,
And sweep and shatter our devoted Ships.
'Twere best to give these Monsters ample verge,

Sir Walter
Ralegh.
II. 2.

And venture, nowise, in their damned grip,
Lest they should board us freely from above.
But, while their huge unwieldy Hulls make sail,
To near us, we must deftly go about,
And, as we luff, then let them taste our cheer,
With muzzle Broadsides rake them fore and aft ;
Tack, and go round this torpid Ocean brood,
Ere they recover from our iron Hail,
And harry them alike on either side. [Applause.

Howard. Say thou, Sir Walter, which were better
done ?

Dost thou advise that we should meet the Foe,
And strive to stay them with a bristling front,
Or harry round them, as Sir Francis says ?

Ralegh. Ay, good my Lord, that truly would I do.
We must not let them handle us too near.
If they were here, within a Bosun's hail,
And we must peril life or see them land,
Then would I face them with what front I could,
Nor budge an inch, while yet a Gunner lived
To serve his Piece, and bar the Invader's way.
But no such desperate Issue need we try ;
They still are Leagues away upon the Wave,
Our Warships all are ready for the Sea,
And built to answer quickly to the helm.
'Twere well to heed what bold Sir Francis says,
To hover round them as they labour on,
Thundering our Welcome, often as we may,
From out the muzzles of our angry Guns.

Howard. And, Martin Frobisher, dost thou agree ?

Frobisher. Nay, when Sea-Captains Drake and Sir Walter
Raleigh too, Raleigh.

II. 2.

Are both at one upon our better plan,
'Twere bold to bid you set their words at naught.
But I too, truly, hold their purpose good.
They each have tried these Spaniards oft before,
And gauged the mettle of our Papist Foes—

Raleigh. Ay, and the metal of their every Gun,
And left them, halting like a crippled dog. [*All laugh.*]

Frobisher. Methinks Sir Walter jesteth at our Foes;
'Gainst Spain he ever speaks with barbed tongue.

Raleigh. 'Tis but an earnest of the leaden Hail,
And hurtling cheer that wait for yonder Ships,
Steered by the Devil to our English Shores.
Their Majesties, the King of Spain and He,
Are closer Kinsfolk than the World doth wot.
To one or other of these Princes twain,
Their trusty Vassals will return with speed,
When once our Ocean Hue and Cry is up.

Howard. It seems you all would keep them from our
Shores.

Drake. That would we, Admiral, many a watery
League,
And, by the Grace of God, we shall do so.

Howard. Good Francis, they are nearer than you
think.

Had they but held their Course direct from Spain,
They had outstripped us, though their Crafts are slow.
But Heaven above hath championed England's cause,
And adverse Winds have tossed them up and down,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 2.

The helpless playthings of the boisterous Deep.
And so it is they've neared us not ere now,
But we shall sight them ere the Day be done.

Drake. Come they to-day, my Lord, or come they not,
They shall not mar the Game we're met to play.
Prithee ! Sir Martin, do thou cast the Jack,
And, as we strive to near it with our bowls,
We'll have yon mighty Quarry in our minds,
And try this contest with a keener zest.

Raleigh. Your hand, Sir Francis, on this merry game.
We'll play it out as if these haughty Dons
Were still around their King in far Castile,
Or seeking Audience of the crafty Pope.
The Seas are bare, no Sail is yet in sight,
The Offing's clearer than an April sky,
Our time is full, and let the worthiest win. [*They play.*

Frobisher. [*To Drake.*] 'Tis deftly done ! thy bowl
doth hug the Jack,
But no, the bias, and the lengthy sweep,
Have borne it past.

Drake. How like the labouring Hulls
Of Castile's Fleet these ponderous bowls roll on,

[*FROBISHER throws.*

And miss the Jack. No, see ! 'tis yarely done :
Methinks Sir Martin hath the winning cast.
Ah, no ! He too hath overshot the mark.

[*RALEGH throws.*

Sir Walter's cast hath sped the best of all.
Thus far, Sir Walter, thou dost lead the Game.

Raleigh. So may I lead our Ocean game as well.

Enter Seaman, breathless.

Seaman. My Lords! my Lords! the Spanish Fleet
doth come.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
II. 2.

The Pinta, running hard before the Wind,
Hath 'scaped the Vessels of their foremost Van,
And brings us News, that ere the Tide doth ebb,
The great Armada of the King of Spain
Will heave in sight, and darken all the Sea.

Drake. Well, fellow! have you ne'er seen Ships
before?

They're bending Sail to anchor in the Sound,
To kill and burn us, every mother's son.
Go, say thy prayers, and quake with craven fear.
But, ere we burn, we'll play our Rubber first;
There's time to finish, and to frizzle too.

[Taking up a flagon.]

To yonder King, and all his Popish Brood,
I drink Damnation, deep as Shades of Hell.
And now, Sir Walter, for another cast.

[Scene closes amid wild excitement.]





ACT III.

SCENE I.—R. Kilcolman Castle. *Back, River Mulla and valley. L. Irish road, with spring. Summer. Noon. 1589.*

Enter RALEGH and KEYMIS.

Raleigh.



H, here is water, let us drink and rest.

Our way is sped at yonder ivied Walls—

A goodly spot for Master Spenser's home,
That antique Pile reposing on the Hill.

How sweet the prospect, lengthening down the Vale,

And fading softly o'er the distant Shire.
Here hath my friend the Poet's Haven found.
Here could I dwell, and dream away my years,
Cheered by the gladdening sparkle of her eye,
Whose gentle glances have enchained my heart.
"Fair Bess, thine eyes have pierced a heart of stone."
Love seemed to me as but a trifler's toy,
And lo! 'tis now the Magnet of my Soul.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 1.

[*They drink.*

Keymis. Prithee, Sir Walter, shall I hail yon loons,
And bid them summon Master Spenser here?
Thou'rt ever communing with thyself of late.
I like not mine own company so well.

Raleigh. Nay, honest Keymis, 'tis not with myself
I talk; but bid these unkempt yokels go,
And tell Kilcolman's Chief of our approach.

[*Exit KEYMIS.*

'Tis Solitude, indeed, but passing fair.

Enter KEYMIS and SPENSER.

Good morrow, Comrade of long years ago.

Spenser. [*Attended.*] Well met, Sir Walter, 'mid these
lonely Hills.

Ay! true, 'tis many a year. What happy chance
Hath brought thee here again?

Raleigh. Didst thou but know
The present humour of our England's Queen,
Thou'dst deem my Meed of happiness but scant.
I do but shun the pastimes of the Court,
That She who rules may miss me for awhile,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 1.

From 'mid the Crowd that clusters round her Path,
With tongues scarce lighter than their leaden wits.
Scarce one takes thought beyond his present hour,
Scarce one, methinks, e'er felt a Poet's fire,
Or waked to Life beyond the dullard's track,
Or charms our Mistress when her Heart is sad.
And so 't doth hap, that while I wander here,
Who oft have cheered Her with some mirthful turn,
Some tickle point of niceness, at a trice,
Or pleasing Fiction of a busy brain,
Her hours, at times, will slowly pace along,
And when again I mingle in her Train,
And bend to greet Her as She pass me by,
A Smile of welcome will requite my pains.—
But, tell me, Edmund, doth the hand of Time
Deal kindly with the Measure of thy days,
And give thee rest amid these sylvan Scenes?
Methinks that Calliope's enchanting Strains
Have floated o'er thee, for 'tis noised at Court
That thou hast culled a Song of goodly length,
And hast embroidered it with stately lines,
And oft dost wander into flowery Tropes.
I fain would listen to thy Lay, and if
'Tis framed for reading to our Queen at Court,
I'd have thee come, and charm the Royal ear,
Proclaim thy labours to a listening World,
And live enshrined the Poet of the Age.

Spenser. Nay! nay! thou'dst bid me soar too near
the Sun,
And find my wing unequal to the flight.

Raleigh. Why start you back at thought of higher things?

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 1.

Ambition, Master Spenser, is the breath
That fires the nostrils of all nobler Men.

Spenser. Well, well, Sir Walter, when the Noon is
past,
And thou hast fared, and quenched thy thirst with
wine,

I'll read thee my poor efforts for awhile.

Raleigh. Ay! let us sit beside thy purling Stream,
And while I check my craving from within,
And Mulla's music brings our spirits peace,
I prithee, read me of thy sounding lines,
That I may know the beauty of thy Theme,
And tell our Mistress that a Soldier dwells,
Guarding her name 'mid lonely Irish Hills,
Whose Lays, in solitude, are sweet and clear
As those of Philomel in yonder Vale. [*Food is brought.*
Ah! good! this stomach-tackle likes me well.
Now, while I reason with my hungry frame,
Dost thou regale me with thy rhyming fare,
And bid me back, 'mid Nature's brightest scenes,
Which tell us Life, our Great Creator's Boon,
Is dear to all who read His Laws aright.

Spenser. My Verse but sings of changing Pastoral
Scenes,
Legends in fragment of fair Knights and Dames.
At times, 'tis true, it singeth of our Queen.

Raleigh. I'll heed thee closely. Read it for a space.
'T may be, some new Conceit may strike thee then,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 1.

Which, fashioned deftly, will allure the Queen,
And so put welcome Money in thy purse.

Spenser. I read, at hazard, of fair Chastity,
Whose emblem is Eliza's mighty Self.

"It falls me here to write of Chastity,
The fairest Vertue, far above the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from Faerie
Foreign examples it to have expressed?
Sith it is shrined in my Sovereign's breast,
And proved so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies that have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtrait of her Heart,
If pourtray'd it might be by any living Art."

Raleigh. And doth thy Song continue in this sort?

Spenser. Nay, it doth turn to Narrative anew.
But I have never knit these Tales as one.

Raleigh. Now, hark thee! Edmund, trim and tack
thy lines,
And gild them with some closer argument.
Sing of our Mistress as thy Faerie Queen,
Enrol thy Knights and Dames beneath her Sway,
Change not thy Verse, but to accord in this,
And, when 'tis done, return with me to Court,
And I will bring thee near her Royal ear.

Spenser. I thank thee much. It shall be as thou
say'st,
And I'll to England with thee when 'tis done.
But thou thyself hast melted into Song:
Grant me to know the beauty of thy Muse.

Raleigh. I will, but judge me not, thou hast no need—

"Methought I saw the grave, where Laura lay,
Within that Temple, where the Vestal Flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living Fame
Whose Tomb fair Love and fairer Vertue kept.
All suddenly I saw the Faerie Queen :
At whose approach the Soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
For, they this Queen attended, in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herse ;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the Heavens did perse."

Sir Walter
Ralegh.
III. 1.

[*Breaks off.*]

Hark ! what was that ! heard you not voices borne
Along the Breeze, from yonder down the Vale ?
Ha ! there is sound of Mischief in the Air,
The distant rumbling of a coming Storm.
I know these People and that sound bodes ill.

Spenser. 'Tis rumoured that a Rabble from Tyrone
Doth scour the Country, and attack the homes
Of such as I who serve the English Queen.
Perhaps 'tis they whose angry tones we hear.

Ralegh. Then get thee speedily behind those Walls,
And parley from the Battlements above ;
Unless thou hast, at need, a File of Men
To meet them boldly in the Open here,
And drive them headlong backwards from thy Gates.

Spenser. Alas ! in truth, we muster barely ten,
Of these but five are English Men-at-Arms ;
And, by the Clamour of yon ragged Band,
'Twould seem they are full fifty men or more.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 1.

Raleigh. But quick! hast thou a Culverin within?

Spenser. Ay, two.

Raleigh. Then bid thy Gunners mount the Wall,
And point them from the Rampart down the Vale.
We, here, will buckle on our Swords, and wait
The upshot of a Parley on this Place.
Unfurl thy Banner, let this Rabble come;
If we be pressed, then let the Gunners fire.

[The guns are displayed: banners unfurled.

The Rabble approaches.

Why come ye hither, with an angry front,
And clamouring tongues? What want ye, Masters,
say?

Nay! and ye halt not, yonder Guns shall fire.

[They halt.

Whate'er your purpose, let your Leader forth,
And I will meet him on this Place alone,
To learn the reason of your rude approach.

[They murmur together; Jesuit Priest comes forward.

Jesuit. We seek your Castellan who standeth there;
We'll brook no English Rulers in this Land.
Surrender him, and quit these ugly Walls,
Or we will burn and raze them to the ground,
And give you all to feed the hungry Wolves.

Raleigh. This to the Soldiers of an English Queen!
Thy Garb protects thee, or thou hadst not lived
To give thy Treason tongue. Begone, I say,
And take this Rabble with thee whence it came,
Or yonder Guns shall sweep you from the Earth.

*[They close and fight, and are beaten back. Sir Walter
RALEGH seizes the Leader, fells him, Raleigh.
and, standing over him with drawn sword, III. 1.
speaks.]*

Now! hark ye, caitiffs! on a Raleigh's word,
I'll slit this carrion's weasand if you stir
Again in anger; get you to your homes,
And learn to live in peace, beneath her Sway,
Whose Rule is kindly as you knew Her well;
The which to prove to you, this wretched Kern,
When you disperse in quiet, I'll release:
That you may learn the Mercy of our Queen
To fallen Foes whose lives are in her Grasp.

*[They retire. The Leader is released, and
follows.]*

[To SPENSER.] I fear, good Edmund, strife awaits thee still.
We've foiled them now, but, hark ye! they'll return
Ere long, and thou must man thy Walls anew:
Scarce Heaven can help thee if they beat thee down.
[Exeunt.]





SCENE II.—Windsor Terrace and Garden. Courtiers
and Ladies conversing. 1590.

*Enter RALEGH, as Captain of Guard, and SPENSER,
in Court dress.*



of her heart

Raleigh.
TELL thee, man,
To-day thou shalt emerge, and
meet the dawn
Of Royal Favour, and thy classic
Song
Shall, Siren like, enthrall great
Cynthia's ear,
And wake the generous impulse

That warms to all who strive at noble Deeds.

Sir Walter

Spenser. How shall She heed me, or my varying strains?

Raleigh.
III. 2.

Raleigh. Nay, prithee! thou shalt find that I can play
The watchful Argus when the time doth serve,
And swift as Mercury will catch the chance
When I may deftly press thy soldier suit.
Be thou but ready with thy wits alert ;
I'll boldly thrust thee right before her Gaze,
And if thou canst not charm her willing ear,
And mould her sympathy toward thy Song,
Hie back to Fermoy's Barony, for then
Thy journey and thy Ventures here are vain.

Spenser. Enough! I'll bide, and take my cue from thee.

Raleigh. And I will hold thee till thou breast the Tide,
Then go thou forward boldly on the Flood.
But see! our Royal Benefactress comes.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and Train.

Queen E. Ah! Truant, art thou back at Court once more?

We've missed thee from our Ken this many a day,
Beshrew me, had we known, ere thou didst go,
How long would be thy hiding from our Eye,
Thou ne'er hadst started voyaging o'er the Seas.

Raleigh. Your Majesty, methought that such as I
Were free to roam unheeded and obscure;
But truly I have served thee from afar,
Across those Seas, on troubled Ireland's Shores.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 2.

And, if thou wilt enhance thy gloried Sway,
Thou need'st but smile upon my humble suit——

Queen E. Again, Sir Walter, with the beggar's plea,
Like Irus, dost thou emulate the poor.

'Tis strange, thy needs are ever in mine ear.
Tell me, bold Vagrant, will they never cease?

Raleigh. Ay, when your Majesty doth cease to give.

[*Smiling, aside.*

(Such answer, for the nonce, will serve my turn.)

Another's enterprise hath made me bold ;

For him I beg, when silent for myself.

Thou hast a Soldier, faithful to his Queen,

Whose Meed, if dubbed aright, were "Knight of
Song."

I coted him in yonder sister Isle,

And sipped the honied Music of his Lays.

Queen E. A Soldier, say'st thou? and a songster too?

Raleigh. Ay true, your Majesty, and as he sang,

Thou wert his Theme and Faerie Queen yclept——

One Edmund Spenser of Kilcolman Keep,

In Cork's fair county, where I served thee too.

If thou wilt listen to his strains awhile,

They are belike to charm thy Royal ear.

And this, your Majesty, is all I beg,

That you will heed a rugged Soldier's Song,

And if 'tis sweet——

Queen E. Enough! thou hast thy wish.

Bid him attend us at the hour of three.

[*To her Gentlemen.*

And, Gentlemen, let Audience prompt be his.

Raleigh. Your Majesty, he standeth by my side.

[*Aside to SPENSER.*

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 2.

Now Man, thou hast fair Fortune in thy grasp,
Haste quick to woo Her on thy bended knee.

[*SPENSER kneels to QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

Queen E. Advance, good Spenser and Sir Walter's
friend,

I do remember that thy Lands are near
To Lismore's Acres, where erewhile he dwelt.
Thou hast our Welcome on his kindly word.
Attend with us upon the Terrace here,
And tell us of thy Sojourn o'er the Sea.

[*Exeunt QUEEN ELIZABETH and Train, with
SPENSER. BESSIE THROCKMORTON and
RALEIGH linger and converse.*

Raleigh. Ah! Bess! my loved one, yet apart so long?
Must I still bear to greet thee in this sort?
I, who should claim thee as my wedded Wife.
The hungry footpad, skulking in the dark,
A craven, frightened at the light of Day,
Scarce sets him to his purpose with such fear,
As you and I seek one another's love,
A Love as pure as Vesta's sacred Flame;
And yet we start, like Aspens in the Wind,
For fear our Troth should reach the idle crowd,
And, borne on Rumour's wing, approach the Queen,
And we be banished for our dear offence.
Nay, an' thou wilt, this Guise shall end to-day.
An end must come as sure as yonder Sun
Will set to crimson o'er the East again,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 2.

And pave with Gold the rosy Path of Dawn.
And with it ends this life of cheats and wiles,
Which bids us shrink from seeming what we are.

Bessie T. But hast thou counted what our Hurt will be,
When She who patrons thee has learnt the truth,
And bids us darken o'er her Gaze no more?

Raleigh. 'Twere better she Should learn it from our-
selves.

She is Our Queen, but still a Woman too,
And hath a heart, though true 'tis far to find;
She may be wroth to-day, but, when 'tis past,
Her heart will plead in pity for our love,
The angry clouds will vanish from her Brow,
And sweet forgiveness shall at length be ours.

Bessie T. Nay! Walter, nay! I cannot see thee
scorned

By Her whose daintiest smiles, ere sought, were thine,
Because thou hast engulfed thyself with me.

Raleigh. Bethink thee! Bess, my dearest life, that
thought

I pondered deeply ere I sought thy love,
And shall I now betray our holy Troth?
I've sworn to cling to thee through good and ill,
May Heaven requite me if I break my vow.

Bessie T. Alas! what ills beset Love's crooked path,
To mar and cripple those who tread its Maze.

Raleigh. For Hero's sake Leander braved the Deep,
And perished struggling with the Thracian Wave;
In lonely grief, deserted by her Love,
Oenone wept, and died 'mid Ida's pines;

And plaining Dido quenched her heart with fire,
Beside the Sea that bore her Prince away.
Our loss, Sweet Bess, is ne'er so sad as theirs.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 2.

Bessie T. And yet 'tis hard that thou shouldst suffer
too.

I bad thee from me lest 't should come to this,
But chid thy sweet perversity in vain.

[*RALEGH kisses her.*

Raleigh. Nay, heed not that, for now we two are one.
Our way is thorny to the Gates of Bliss,
But Cupid will console us when 'tis past.

[*Kisses her again.*

Nay, droop not Darling that Life's dearest joy
Is won by suffering which o'ertops the Boon ;
E'en now the Sun doth shine upon our love,
A welcome Harbinger of happier days.

QUEEN ELIZABETH and Suite return. *She sees them.*

Queen E. Great Heaven above ! 'tis proud Sir Walter
too.

Methought, Sir Knight, thou hadst a noble heart
That would have thrust thee from such tricks as this.
The scullion, bussing with his kitchen drab,
Is scarce more shameless to our Sex than thou.
And She, the consort of thy vulgar sport,
None other than a Lady of our House ;
Fondling, like villagers in spots unseen,
Here in the garish light of tell-tale Day.

[*Calls to the Guard.*

Enough ! Ye Guards, go take them to the Tower,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 2.

Our further Will ye shall receive anon.

Raleigh. Your Majesty, this Lady is my Wife.

Queen E. Married! God's Death! and not a word
to me?

You whom I trusted nearer to Myself,
And made you Captain of my Body Guard.
This gratitude is like a Parthian Bolt ;
Beshrew me, thou hast steeled my heart at last.

[*To the Guard.*

Go bear these reckless ingrates to the Tower,
'Neath strictest watch until I send you more.

[*To her Train.*

Come, let us hence, I weary of the Day.

[*Exeunt.*





SCENE III.—Sherborne Castle. *Triumphal Arch.*
Villagers and Country Folk assembled. 1592.

Enter KEYMIS from back.



rest and peace,

Keymis.

GOOD friends, Sir Walter Raleigh
 is within,
 And bids me forth upon your
 welcome coming,
 To tell you 'tis his wish and
 pleasure both,
 To see and know if Sherborne's
 homely sons,
 'Mid whom he seeks a Place of

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 3.

Have kindly greeting for his Wife and Him.
On this intent, to learn your inmost will,
He'll presently be here.

Village Priest.

Kind Sir, the News,
And busy Gossip, for this many a day,
Is big with rumour of his bustling years,
And valiant service of our Queen. 'Tis said
That, tiring of the Grandeur of her Court,
And yearning for the sweets of simpler life,
Which Sherborne's fair Desmesne full well can give,
He brings his Lady 'midst us to enjoy them.
That he shall find us neighbours, to his wish,
He naught may fear.

Keymis.

Why! yonder see he comes.

Enter RALEGH and LADY RALEGH and Attendants.

Raleigh. Thanks for your greeting, good my Dorset
friends,

My Lady Raleigh, partner of my life,
Whose Joys and Sorrows with mine own are one,
Hath come with me to sojourn in your midst,
With me to share your Welcome or your frowns.

Village Priest. Nay! Noble Knight! You and your
Lady too

Win more than Welcome when you ask for that
Which we, till now, knew not was ours to give.
'Tis earnest of your friendship for the poor,
A Boon vouchsafed but seldom by the Great,
And far the dearer when 'tis freely given.
These Ivi'd Arches, decked with Garlands gay,

Give silent token of the joy we feel
That you do purpose dwelling 'mid our homes.

Sir Walter
Ralegh.
III. 3.

Keymis. Please you, Sir Walter, dancers are without,
Who wait your leave——

Ralegh. 'Tis theirs, go call them here,
And let us all unlock our hearts to-day,
With fun and laughter court the merry Sun,
Startling the Greenwood with our Mirth and Song.

[*To* LADY RALEGH.
And so, Sweet Bess, our Honeymoon begins. [*They sit.*

Enter Morris Dancers. They dance.
[*To them.*] 'Twas featly footed, and we give you
thanks.

I do recall—across the Spanish Main,
I chanced to join a young Hidalgo's Feast,
On such a happy Summer Morn as this;
And, 'mid the jocund Pastimes of the hour,
A Moorish troupe, tricked out with Ribbons gay,
Did slowly foot a stately Saraband,
Which seemed to check, not speed the Pageant on.
Your sprightlier measure hath our best accord.

[*To the Attendants.*
Go bid our Cellarer broach his choicest Butt
Of rich and right good seasoned Dorset ale,
Crowning his every flagon to the Brim.

[*To the Dancers.*
And see no heel-taps linger in your cups.

Keymis. And, hark ye, Masters, when your cups are
charged,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 3.

Drink to Sir Walter and his lovely Bride.

[*Exeunt an Attendant, KERMIS, Dancers, and Villagers.*]

Lady R. Ah, Walter, would these simple Village joys
Could give thee Peace, and curb thy restless Will.
An, if our Sojourn 'mid these humble folk,
Whose lives are simple, innocent, and true,
Be but spun out a little month of Spring,
Thou'lt need no Lotus-Lily for thy fare,
To lull thy Spirit to a Life like theirs.
I'll bid thee forth to meet the Sun at dawn,
Survey thy Manor and enrich thy Lands,
With fair plantations of thine own design,
With lusty shoots of sturdy Oak and Elm,
Trace high long rambling Avenues of green,
Beneath whose kindly Shade thine after years
May roll, unruffled by Life's frets without,
Amid our Offspring in these earlier days.
Nay, let the busy World throb on unknown;
The purer Joys of life are centred here,
And here, untainted, let us live and die.

Raleigh. Sweet Bess, thy Spirit doth reflect my own.
Thy conjured Scenes of halcyon Repose,
In kindred Phantasy possess my brain;
And when our Summer fruits are garnered in,
These hands shall deck our Lands with many a Tree
Whose spreading Shade, when We are old and gray,
Shall shield us softly from the Noonday Sun.
Whose clustering Foliage shall enfringe our Lawns,
And grace them with a Wealth of emerald Hues,

Whose woodland Plumage, rich with many a tint,
Bright as the May-bloom, sombre as the Pine,
Shall dress the Landscape in a fairy Robe,
And fix the Gaze of every passing eye.
Sweet Sherborne shall encircle us with Peace,
And here we'll dream our fleeting Years away,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 3.

“Where Winds sometimes our Woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering Care can never Tempest make,
Nor Murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of Fountains that glide by us.”

True, Bess, pure life is here, and thou shalt be
The Angel of my Dreams—but what says Keymis?
Keymis. A messenger, Sir Walter, from my Lord
Of Salisbury doth crave thine instant ear.
I bad him rest his limbs, and wait thy will,
Testing the relish of our Dorset cheer,
But he doth beg an Audience in hot haste.

Enter Horseman with Packet.

Horseman. The News I bring, Sir Knight, brooks no
delay.

Lord Cecil charged me, with extreme despatch
To give this sealed Packet in your hands,
And, till 'tis done, I crave nor food nor wine,
You'll mark, 'tis by Her Majesty's Command.

Raleigh. Thou'rt prompt and earnest in thy Master's
needs.

Give me the Packet—yes, 'tis Salisbury's Seal.
And now, thy Charge performed, go wet thy throat,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 3.

And rest thy limbs till I have read the Scroll,
That thou mayst take an answer to my lord.

[Exit Horseman and KEYMIS.]

Lady R. My heart misgives me at this sudden pass;
But now we talked of dwelling here for aye,
And ere another Dawn doth greet the Sun,
Maybe 'twill see thee, at its earliest hour,
Far on thy way to lead some Venture bold:
While I, alas, must weep till thy Return
Or, Heaven forbid, deplore thee till I die.
Ah! Walter! canst thou rive my heart so soon?

Raleigh. Thou must not augur evil, dearest Bess.
'Tis but a Mandate to obey the Queen,
To board some Carack, rich with Spanish Gold,
That waits in Harbour taken from our Foes,
And share her Riches justly 'mid the Crew
That took her and their Queen; that done I'll back
To thee, my Dearest, ere the Week be gone.
And woo thee in sweet Sherborne's lovely Bowers,
Till thou wilt have me cross the Seas again.

Lady R. I'd have thee, rather, quit this troublous Task,
And let some greedier Gallant do her Will.
We've bought our Sorrow at a heavy cost,
Come, share it here, for fear that cruel Fate,
With ruthless Hand, snatch all our Joys away.

Raleigh. Nay, nay, I may not so incense the Queen,
I must despatch yon Horseman back at Noon,
And charge him with my dutiful assent
To Salisbury's ear, that so it reach the Throne;
Then speed me to the Coast, so runs the Scroll.

Lady R. If thou wilt go, alas, I am undone,
Dark Fate forebodes I ne'er shall see thee more!
And when thou'rt gone my heart will bleed to death.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
III. 3.

Re-enter Horseman and KEYMIS.

Raleigh. [*To them.*] What, back so soon?

Keymis. His Lordship's Envoy bad
Me warn you that at Noon he must be gone,
And yonder Dial tells the hour is past.

Raleigh. [*To Horseman.*] Enough, Sir Messenger, I'll
start with thee,
And, ere the Night's half spent, we'll ride alone,
Upon our several Roads, to London you
To greet my Lord, and I to seek the Coast.

[*To KEYMIS.*

Go, bring us horses that we may despatch.

[*To LADY RALEGH.*

Bear up, brave heart, before a se'nnight's o'er,
Sweet Sherborne's Lady shall receive me back.
Farewell, dear life, farewell till I return.

[*Exeunt RALEGH, KEYMIS, and Horseman.*

*LADY RALEGH falls back weeping into
the arms of her Women.*





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Windsor Terrace, and the Council Room doors
at back, L. *The Thames and the Vale of Windsor, R.*
The King's Retinue and Attendants assembled on
the Terrace, and talking. 1603.

Enter 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Courtiers booted for riding.

3rd Courtier.



THINK you the King will range
the Woods to-day?

An hour ago the Huntsmen
were without,

Their steeds all bridled, ears
and eyes alert,

Curvetting nimbly round the
checking rein,

Beating the Air, as if they

would be gone,

And while we wait the Sun doth near the West.

2nd Courtier. The Council Lords are deep in earnest
speech ;

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 1.

The King, Who seldom can endure to heed
The purport of their speech, has given his ear,
With close attent, ay, marks their every word.
He bad me warn Him at the stroke of Noon,
And summon all the Knights who'd ride to-day.

3rd Courtier. They all are here. 'Tis for the King
we wait.

Enter RALEGH.

2nd Courtier. Not all, for here's another Truant still.

Raleigh. 'Tis pity that the Council sits so long
When merrier Pastime doth await us all.
Say, prithee, Comrade ! is the King within ?

[Exit 1st Courtier to Council.]

2nd Courtier. He is, and like to stay there, for, I
ween,

The Council hath absorbed his every thought.
Methinks the gentle Falcons with their bells,
May hie them to their Eyrie back unflown ;
For aught his Highness heeds of them to-day,
Yon Sege of Bitterns may go rest unscared.

Raleigh. The Herons sailing o'er fair Windsor's Vale,
With ponderous wing, and tardy labouring flight,
Drag on, as if they had no Foe to fear.
So sail the Caracks of the King of Spain,
Homeward, unguarded, from the Indian Seas.
Our Royal Master did befriend the Don,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 1.

When He forbad the Captains of our Ships
To sweep these Papist Tyrants from the Main.

Enter 1st Courtier from the Council Chamber.

1st Courtier. The King, good people, will not hunt
to-day. *[Exeunt the King's Retinue.*

[Then aside.] A word, Sir Walter, 'tis for you alone.

While yet the Council doth enchain his ear,
A lackey of Lord Cobham's, all in haste,
Doth crave immediate Audience of the Board;
Whereat our Liege doth nod his silent Will,
That, while He waits, the lackey shall be heard,
The Royal Presence being unrevealed;
And He, the King, as one who served the King,
Did hear, unfolded by this caitiff Knave,
A Tale of Lies that doth encircle thee
Within its trammels, like a Fowler's Net.

Raleigh. An' if 'twas Truth he spake, I do not fear,
For Snares are vain to trap a blameless Man.

"A Tale of Lies!" but what was their intent?

1st Courtier. To snare Lord Cobham, and to snare
Thee too.

The King, 'tis known, doth love nor him nor you,
And yonder fellow hath let loose a Tale,
Which, fed by Rumour, till it reach the King,
Belike, Sir Walter, will besmirch you both.

Raleigh. Say on, I'd learn his every Treason now,
That I may seek Lord Cobham ere 'tis Night.

1st Courtier. Too late! The Council hath despatched
a Guard,

And, soon, his Lordship will be in the Tower.
I left the Chamber to break up the Chase.
But, first, I bid thee, quit this tainted Court
While Time is thine.—

Sir Walter
Ralegh.
IV. 1.

Ralegh. And so betray myself?

1st Courtier. Nay, heed not that, thy Friends at Court
are gone.

Truth orders not man's every Action now ;
Those days are past when honest Men were safe.
Now, we must trick and traffic with the Truth,
And compass what we plan by crooked Paths ;
And thou must do so ere thy Hour be fled.
If I can move thee, thou shalt get thee hence,
Ere Cobham's dismal Bourne becomes thine own.
List to the Tale his Henchman told, and then,
If still thou'lt stay, remember, I, thy friend,
Tried all my best to drive thee hence in time.

Ralegh. Say on, I still may promise thee to go.

1st Courtier. 'T would seem that, since our Royal
Mistress died,

Le Renzi sought Lord Cobham, once again,
With Letters from the Count of Arenburg,
Bidding my Lord go visit him abroad,
Touching some Jesuit claim to England's Throne,
Noised by the Archduke's minions thro' his Land.
Lord Cobham, ere he tendered a reply,
To please the King, besought his Royal Will,
If he might seek the Count, naught hinting why.
The King deferred him till the Council met,
Protesting him officious—so he stays.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 1.

His trafficking with Arenburg this Knave
Hath bruited to the King——

Raleigh. [*Sharply.*] But, what of me?

1st Courtier. Patience! good Raleigh, and Thou
soon shalt learn,

Thy haste will serve thee not—mark how the Snare
Hath spread, and caught Thee too. This fellow saith
That he hath borne my Lord to meet the Count,
Beyond St. Saviour's, by the Riverside,
At fall of Night, all muffled and disguised;
That there my Lord, Le Renzi, and the Count,
Took counsel, and the Count did speak of thee,
And named a Guerdon of ten thousand Crowns
As thine, if Thou wouldst further their designs——

Raleigh. 'Fore God, I'll tear the Lie——

1st Courtier. Nay, patience still——

And give them all the Secrets of the Court.
That thence he brought my Lord to Durham House,
Across the River, to converse with Thee,
And back, at Midnight, when you both had supped,
He bore your answer to the wily Pair.
Thou'lt tell me this is false—I grant thee so.
But, prithee, hadst thou Favour with the King,
Thou'dst need it all to clear thee in his eye.
Be warned, Sir Walter, and forsake this Land.

Raleigh. Nay, tempt me not. By yonder setting Sun,
Whose golden Rays tinge all the Western Sky,
Speeding the Twilight of another Day,
And bid the Memory back into the Past,
When oft they crimsoned o'er yon Vale at Eve,

To deck the Morrow for our Queen that's gone,
And gild the Pathway of my life anew,
When She, whose Cypher gleams above, was here,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 1.

[*Points to it.*]

By yonder Heavenly Light, whose fading Fire
Perchance would warn me that my Course is run—
If I could take an Omen from the Skies—
I swear to stay and beat these Slanders down.

1st Courtier. Take heed lest Truth shall lead thee to
the Block.

Enter LORD CECIL.

Lord C. Ah! Good Sir Walter, I would crave thine
car—

[*Aside.*]

The King and Council seek thy Knightly Aid,
Touching some Traffic with a Foreign Count,
Wherein Lord Cobham doth include thy name.

Raleigh. Yes, yes, Count Arenburg methinks 't should
be.

I know the name, 'tis true, but not the Count.
Lord Cobham's ardour hath outpaced his wit;
I trust the King will cite him to the Board,
And sift the purpose of this coupling gear.

[*Exeunt LORD CECIL and RALEGH to the
Council Chamber.*]

1st Courtier. [*Aside.*] I fear me much the Thread
that's here will cling,
And tangle round Sir Walter like a briar.

2nd Courtier. Nay, heed it not, he hath a ready tongue,
And loves the King too well to serve his Foes.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 1.

1st Courtier. Ay! Marry! true, he hath no Traitor's heart,

But is't so clear the King doth love him too?
An if't be not, why here are twisted Threads,
Whose simplest Knot shall send him to the Tower.
Why, he who came to bid him to the King,
Though once his friend, doth 'friend another now,
Whose every thought doth compass Raleigh's fall,
That other is himself—— [The Council doors open.

But see, the King

Is angered and the Sitting's o'er.

Raleigh. [Within.]

My Liege!

Or here, or wheresoe'er Thou'dst have me be,
May Heaven forsake me when I play Thee false.

[To the Captain of the Guard.

And now, Sir Captain, take me where thou wilt.

Captain. My orders are to bear thee to the Tower.

Raleigh. [Reappearing, guarded.] Nay, nay! take heart,
'tis but a passing Cloud,

[And then, turning to the setting sun.

And yet, and yet! I would no Cloud were here.

[Exeunt.



THE TRAITOR'S GATE.



SCENE II.—*Prison Room in the Bloody Tower. Skeleton in corner with scroll "memento mori," and a fire. 1615.*

Enter RALEGH and CHARLES, a black Guiana boy.

Raleigh. [Addressing skeleton.]



RIM Friend, not yet. My Path
is dark, 'tis true,

*[The sun streams through the
window.]*

But yonder Beam forbids me to
despair.

Hail! mighty Orb! again I shall
be free,

When Thou dost shine, Hope girds my Heart anew ;

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

I yet shall greet Thee in far distant Climes,
Where Orinoco's many Streams rush on,
'Mid Lands where Nature's fairest Gifts abound,
Ah, yes ! Guiana's Riches shall be mine,
Mine? nay, the King's, when He has set me free.

*Enter Warders, Gaoler, and booted Messenger, with
packet.*

Raleigh. [*Opening packet.*] Why ! 'tis from Sherborne,
where I once had peace,
And so—my Lands invaded, and my Castle spoiled,
My Halls dismantled, and my Hearth profaned,
My fairest Timbers smitten to the Earth,
And craven Foes insulting o'er my Fall—
But stay ! I thank Thee, Cecil, that thy Lash
Has whipped this ravening human Pack afield.
Sweet Hope ! alas ! I scarce may trust Thee now.

Enter SIR GEORGE HARVEY.

Ah ! Good Sir George ! and is my Plaint in vain ?
If I am guilty, all my pains are light,
If innocent, the lightest does me wrong.
My Fee escheated, and my Chattels seized—
The greedy Goldsmith, Chey-ne, holds my Plate—
No Rents—my Wife and Son must beg for bread.
Those Days of plenty, when, with Garners full,
I strove for more, have left me bare indeed.
I ask them not again, but frugal Fare,
That they, whose wants are mine, may eat and live.
'Mid all my woes, I still do love the State.

The King will, surely, let me serve Him still.
Tell Cecil, here, my health doth wear away,
An' if he chose, he soon could set me free.
I fain would drink Bath's waters once again,
But rural Sherborne shall content me well,
There, true and loyal to the King, I'd live.
Here, dampness oozes from my prison Walls,
Chilling my bones throughout the long drear Night,
And bids me welcome Death, as 'twere a Friend.
In yonder room, where sleep my Wife and Child,
Death, grimly, took King Edward's gentle Sons :
Here, but less grimly, He will take me too.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

Sir G. H. Nay, nay ! Sir Walter, I have brought thee
News.

Turner, the Leech, doth bid me change thy room,
And see thou daily tak'st thy Terrace walk.
For this I'm here—but, look ! a Lady comes.

Enter, L., LADIES RALEGH and ARABELLA STUART.

Lady R. [*To LADY ARABELLA.*] Sir Walter knoweth
much of precious Stones,
And will assure You, if this stone be true.

Raleigh. Greeting ! Sweet Bess ! To Thee, fair Lady,
too.

Lady A. Good morn, Sir Walter—nay, go take the air,
And teach the Throng, that marks Thee forth each Day,
How patiently thou canst endure thy Wrongs—
I'd ask thy censure of these crystal Stones,
If Jewels——

Raleigh. Nay, my word is nothing now,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

Enter LADY HOWARD of Effingham, MADAME
BEAUMONT, and a Tower Captain.
And yet, methinks I am not quite forgot—

[*Addressing them.*

Good morrow, gentle Ladies, and your will?

Lady H. Forgot, Sir Walter, nay, that cannot be.
Good Madame Beaumont, from the Court of France,
Hath heard thy Fame, and asks some parting Gift,
By which to think of Thee in Years to come,
As one who bore all Wrongs with gentle Soul.

Madame B. *Ah oui*, Sare Knight, you have ze Heart
of Iron,

To bear ze Sorrows of *cette place affreuse*,
Un Souvenir, a Memorie, you say.

Raleigh. 'Tis well, fair Lady, I obey your wish,
The Boon you ask to-morrow's Dawn shall bring,
Guiana's Balsam, by this native Boy.

Madame B. [*About to go.*] *Je vous remercie.*

Raleigh. You would say, *adieu*!

Madame B. *Adieu*? *Mais, non*, Sare Walter, *au
revoir*!

[*Exeunt* LADY HOWARD, MADAME BEAU-
MONT, LADY ARABELLA STUART.

Lady R. The Lady Arbelle will return ere long.

Sir G. H. And now, Sir Walter, come, the Noon is past.

[*Exeunt* SIR GEORGE HARVEY and RALEGH.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Prince Henry is without.

Captain. [*To Man-at-Arms.*] Go, tell Sir George.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and SIR GEORGE HARVEY, Sir Walter
L. and R. Raleigh.
IV. 2.

Prince H. Sir George, good morrow! and the Captive Knight?

Sir G. H. Your Highness, on the Rampart Walls,
without,

Sir Walter daily takes the air, at Noon.

Prince H. And here our noblest Spirit wastes his
Years,

His Freedom fettered and his Soul pent in ;

[*Sees a chart and globes,*
A Soul that, fearless, braved the trackless Deep,

[*A telescope,*
That soars to pierce God's Mysteries above,

[*A nugget,*
And, yet, would know the Riches of the Earth.

[*Plants and ores from Guiana.*

Its healing Herbs, and precious Ores within,

Where scarce a white Man's foot has ever trod.

Raleigh. [*Entering.*] Sweet Prince! I would that you
were better housed,

And yet this Chamber is My Lord the King's.

Prince H. I grieve, brave Knight, that Thou dost
languish here.

No other King, who had a bird like Thee,

In prison Cage would bar him from the World,

And bid him pine in Durance such as this.

The Queen hath joined her earnest Prayer with mine,

To beg thy Freedom——

Raleigh.

And I give Thee thanks,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

Hope cheers me still, though Years run swiftly on.
I bless thy Prayers——

*[The Prince sees MSS. of second volume
of RALEGH'S history of the world.]*

Ah! that, fair Prince—nay read,
'Twas hewn, ere scarce I knew these gloomy Walls;
But twelve long Years have borne the Tale along.
'Twas first a Toil. 'Tis now a Task of love,
To tell the History of the World we know.

Prince H. 'Tis closely writ, and yet 'tis very long.
Thou hadst no aid?

Raleigh. Nay! Yes, these silent friends,
[Pointing to bookshelves.]

Have told me what they knew, and all that's here,
Fair Prince, when done, I'll dedicate to thee.

[Exit SIR GEORGE HARVEY.]

Prince H. All this thine own? Ah! then, 'twas true—
Lord Cecil told how terribly you toiled,
And here is proof——

Raleigh. Scarce so, 'tis but a Task,
Which speeds, by meted hour, from Day to Day,
And stays my heart, thro' all the weary Time——

Prince H. *[To Attendant, on noting the hour.]* Go,
bid my horseman wait me at the Gate.

Raleigh. Sweet Prince, I would thou wentest not so
soon,
I thought to commune with Thee o'er our Ships,
Of War, and Commerce, on the Atlantic Seas.

Prince H. *[Going.]* Thou shalt to-morrow, just upon
this hour.

[*Exit* PRINCE HENRY. *Clamour below*, Sir Walter
RALEGH *walks to the window, sees a fray* Raleigh.
below. IV. 2.

Enter WALTER BURRE, *publisher, and* SIR GEORGE
HARVEY.

Raleigh. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Thou'rt quick returned,
but saw'st thou yonder Fray?

The lighter man was craftier with his Blade—
But should they draw within the Tower?

Sir G. H.

Zounds! No.

[*To a Warder.*

Go, summon forth the Guard, and charge them both,
They stay, and answer for this lawless Bout.

I follow thee——

[*To* RALEGH.

I will return anon.

[*Exit.*

Raleigh. [*To* BURRE.] Good morrow! Didst thou
chance to see yon Strife?

Burre. Full well—'twas hard upon the smaller man.

Raleigh. Nay! He it was who pressed his heavier Foe.

Burre. If that were so, mine eyes have played me
false,

And I will never trust their witness more.

Raleigh. And I would swear—but no, we need not
Oaths.

Or you, or I, have marked this Fray in vain.

How fares thy Venture with my work that's done?

For here is more. This doth complete the Task.

Burre. Scarce well, Sir Walter; hadst thou taken
thought,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

And found how few are Scholars, like thyself,
Thou wouldst not marvel that thy Task is vain.
Thy Labours lie unheeded of the World.

Raleigh. What? Twelve long weary Years of useless
toil?

Ye Gods! how scant the gratitude of Man.
All Toil is holy. Pearls are cast in vain
Before the swine that batten in the trough.
The vulgar Herd shall flout my Toil no more,
And if 'tis true I marked yon Fray a-wrong,
What hope remains of Truth recorded here?

[Takes up the MSS.]

The World shall wait for other pens than mine—
And he, who follows Truth too close behind,
If, haply, should its heels strike out his teeth,
Must still be patient, who would serve it well.

[RALEGH is about to burn the MSS.]

Burre. Nay! Hold, Sir Walter! Surely thou art
mad!

Raleigh. Mad? No! but callous of the slights of Man.

Burre. What? Wouldst thou burn the Fruits of all
thy Toil?

I pray thee stay while yet——

Raleigh.

Waste not thy breath—

Without a pang I toss thee to the Flames,
Truth! Sacred Truth! I sacrifice to Thee.

[Burns MSS.]

None e'er shall say I faltered from my Will,
When once 'twas fixed. Some lighter Task shall claim
My Labours now that need not——

Enter KEYMIS, splashed with riding.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

Keymis! Well?

What wouldst thou? If I read thy face aright,
Fate fills my Sorrow's Chalice to the Brim.

Keymis. Not so, Sir Walter—'tis but Nature's Course.
Lord Cecil died at Marlboro' yestere'en.

Raleigh. What! Cecil gone so soon? The King's
right hand.

Were I but free! Alas! this comes too late.
Well! Well! here died a Man, whose every thought,
For Good or Ill, was centred in himself.
Peace to his Soul.

Enter Warders and a Captain.

What would you, Sir, of me?

My heart is seared. Grief scarce can probe it more.

Captain. I would 'twere so. The Council has
decreed

That Lady Raleigh quit you from this Hour.

[*Shows warrant.*

'Tis here set forth, that at the Hour of One, [*Bell tolls.*
She be expelled the Precincts of the Tower.

Raleigh. Nay! read no more; I thought my Cup
was full.

Grief follows grief, as thick as Forest leaves,
In early Winter's blasts.

[*To LADY RALEGH, who is swooning.*

Bear up, dear Heart,

Adversity should teach us to be brave.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
IV. 2.

Lady R. [*Weeping.*] I cannot leave thee, in these
Halls of Death,
Untended in thy pain.

Raleigh. Sweet Soul! My Lord,
The King hath willed it so.

Lady R. Alas! Alas!

Captain. [*Aside.*] I would Sir George had sped this
Shaft himself.

Raleigh. Nay, Dearest! weep not so. My heart will
break

For thee. Heed not my lot.

Lady R. If this must be,
Pale Pity's fled, and Mercy is no more. [*Swoons.*]





ACT V.

SCENE I.—Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.
*A pillared aisle. Priests and Choristers, chanting,
 in procession, pass up the aisle, Worshippers
 kneeling here and there. 1616.*

Enter RALEGH and SIR HUGH BEESTON, R. and L.

Sir Hugh Beeston.



YOU here, Sir Walter ? 'tis a sweet
 surprise,
 I give you joy that you are once
 more free.
 'Mid Cheshire's Wolds you oft
 have held my heart.
 'Twas here, at Westminster, in
 yonder Hall,
 Long Years ago, when last I
 took your Hand.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 1.

I thought not, Yesternight, to grasp it more,
And now your cruel Fetters are undone ;
I scarce believe mine eyes do read aright.
What Spell hath lured you to this sacred Fane ?
Within these gloom-wrapt Walls the closing Day
Is sombre as 'twere 'neath the Cloak of Night.
You should be yonder in St. Martin's Fields,
To greet old Sol ere he has gone to rest.

Raleigh. Scarce so, good friend, my feet have borne
me here.

Here dwells Repose. An aching heart that 's chafed,
Thro' all those Years of cheerless prison Gloom,
Doth love to linger in these Halls of Rest,
Of Rest unbroken till the End of Time.
How many a heart the World's rude Storms have riven
Has found, at last, a peaceful Haven here,
And I——

Sir H. B. Nay, nay ! you must not reason so,
'Twas noised your busy Brain had mighty Schemes,
If only Fate would ope your Prison doors.
Your Destiny doth beckon you again,
Whose dread Decrees no power of Man can change.

Raleigh. It may be so. 'Tis strange my Lord the
King

Now heeds my Complaint, to speed my Quest of Gold,
Doradoes glisten in his Gaze and mine.
Ere Summer's past I hope to sail the Seas,
And mend my Fortunes with Guiana's Gold,
If lack of Gold keep not my Venture back.
Bacon, the Lawyer, bade me heed it well.

“Knee timber of your Voyage,” said he, “is Gold.”
To-day my Coffers are but scantily lined.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 1.

Sir H. B. Take heart, and crave the Succour of
your Friends;

What I can spare, a thousand Crowns, are yours.
My Friends are yours, and they will aid you too.

Raleigh. I thank Thee from my heart. It throbs
anew—

Our Way of Life is chequered as the Clouds,
Which serry o’er the Heaven’s expanse at Dawn,
To quit the Skies within the passing Hour,
Then, gathering back o’er all the azure Fields,
Plunging their Beauty into inky gloom,
Speed on from out the Pathway of the Sun,
Soon as his Beams break through their angry Rack.
Thus Fears and Hopes do press each other on,
And jostle every Venture of our Lives—
Nay, heed me not—We spake but now of Gold,
Knee timber, ay, of every Work of Man.

Sir H. B. And you shall find it ’mid your trusty
Friends.

Raleigh. The King doth bait the Project seeming well.

Sir H. B. Lest you should fail. His Gold will bring
you more.

Raleigh. Prince Henry, too, has given his Royal Word
To back my Purpose with a generous Purse.

Sir H. B. And these, all told, will make a goodly Sum.

Raleigh. But, see! what Holy Man treads yonder Aisle,
Attended by mine Host who kept the Tower,
Staunch Harvey?

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 1.

Sir H. B. He? Why, 'tis the Abbey's Dean.

Raleigh. That worthy Priest, Dean Goodman, then is gone?

I had forgot. Since last I trod these Aisles,
Gaunt Time has sped, and even Deans must die.¹
Alas! Alas! Of all the kindly Throng
Who called me Friend, how few are left behind!

[*To DEAN MONTEIGNE.*

Thou'lt think, good Father, we are Gossip's Feres,
Whose idle Talk doth but profane this Place.

Dean. Nay, nay! 'tis little Marvel that thy tongue
Breaks thro' the weary Silence of long Years,
'Mid friends.

Raleigh. And yet, how sweet the Hush that's here.
These tranquil Shades, so eloquent of Peace,
Might veil a Postern at the Gates of Heaven.

[*To SIR GEORGE HARVEY.*

You've News, Sir George, I mark it on your Brow.
Men call it News, alack! nay, hide it not!
Methinks all Tidings now are sad as Night.

Sir G. H. The Potion that I took the Prince——

Raleigh. Ah! what
Of that? I read Cassandra bids you say
He too will die.

Sir G. H. Sir Walter, he is dead.
'Twas taken all too late.

Raleigh. So! so! no more.
His Star and mine have wandered side by side,
Till Death's Eclipse hath shrouded his too soon.

¹ Then Bishop of Gloucester.

Mine hastes to follow.

Dean.

Noble Knight, forbear
To judge the Ways of Him who set thee free,
And now, perchance, intends that Thou shalt go
To blazon England's Glory, and thine own,
Far o'er the Ocean, 'mid the dusky Hordes
That dwell, in Darkness, on Guiana's Shores.

Raleigh. I crave thy pardon.

Dean.

Nay, 'tis not to me
That thou shouldst make amends, 'tis There above.

Sir G. H. [*To RALEGH.*] Farewell to-day! what

Speed thy plans shall gain

Will reach the Tower anon.

Raleigh.

Farewell! farewell!

[*Exeunt SIR GEORGE HARVEY and Dean.*]

How sad that word!

Sir H. B.

In daily usance, no,
And I must hasten hence, but, ere I go,
I charge you wear your Heart in bravest trim,
Till next we meet.

Raleigh.

I will.

Sir H. B.

Once more, farewell! [*Exit.*]

Raleigh. Now all have gone, and I am here alone.

[*Sees QUEEN ELIZABETH's tomb.*]

No, not alone, a Queen is here, whose Sway
Was noble, 'mid the Noblest of the Earth,
Whose iron Will for Good no man could change,
Whose fiery Spirit brooked no timid Course.
Her Brow grew bold, as Dangers gathered round,
She marked them, but as Rocks which loom ahead,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 1.

And bid the Seaman steer his Bark with care.
Long ere She died, the blessings of her Rule
Enriched far Lands of dark unreasoning Gloom.

[*Kneeling.*

Dread Sovereign, hear thy subject from the Grave,
Tho' Years have gone since last I mourned Thee here,
Thy fearless Spirit rules o'er England still,
I feel thy Royal Gaze upon me now,
And gird my loins to strive again for Thee.
My life is Thine, and, while my heart beats on,
Its every pulse shall throb to honour Thee.
The King, who fills thy Throne with Sway supine,
Doth fret and fear o'er every glowing thought
That feeds the nobler impulse of thy Race,
That bids thy Sons explore the trackless Main,
And plant thy Banner on its utmost Verge.
One greater Power alone shall make me pause,
And quell my soul, that Power is Mighty Death.

[*Rising.*

O Death! Man's conquering Foe, and yet his Friend,
When Hope's Heyday is ours, we heed not God,
Nor thee, but at thy first and fell Approach,
We learn Life's lesson, though Thou speak'st it not.
With God we dally, till Thou bid'st us die.
We heed Him not. Thy Mandate we obey.
The Proud and Haughty grovel at thy feet,
In abject Terror of thy lightest Breath,
And tremble at the Portal of the Tomb,
That soon shall close them in its sombre Walls.
Just, eloquent, and mighty Death! whom none

Could counsel e'en, Thou straightway hast convinced ;
Whom all have flattered, Thou alone hast spurned ;
Their Pride, Ambition, Cruelty, hast crushed,
And turned them back to Dust from which they sprung,
Man's last, brief, naked Record, " Here he lies."

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 1.

Enter LADY RALEGH, L.

Ah, Bess ! sweet Solace of my saddest times,
Thy Heart is true as Hers which slumbers here.
I knew thou'dst keep thy Tryst to cheer my hours,
Which, else, had sunk me with their leaden Load.

Lady R. Whate'er thy Lot, my Bourne is by thy side,
Till Death shall part us I will cling to Thee.

[*RALEGH totters to her.*

Nay, rest thy stricken limbs, and lean on me
A little space, and then we will go forth
And dwell secluded till we're summoned hence,
In envied Rest, amid Life's humbler Joys.

Raleigh. Fare on, dear Heart. [*Aside.*

I would it could be so.

[*Aside, as Vergers approach to close the Abbey.*

My Soul doth yearn to do her Will, and yet
Fate brooks no halting till Death calls me hence.

[*Exeunt.*





SCENE II.—Old Palace Yard, Westminster. *Scaffold at back. Gallery above, on left. Street from Gatehouse on right. Populace in front. 1618.*

Enter, L. and R., SIR GEORGE HARVEY and SIR HUGH BEESTON.

Sir George Harvey.



LAS! our Errands here are kindred both,

Sir Hugh. We come to see a brave Man die.

Nay, hide it not, your Grief befits you well.

Sir H. B. Poor Soul! he seems to know no thought of fear.

'Twas only Yesterday he bade me come.

"And see," said he, "that you secure a place,
They're sure to keep an ample one for me."
Thereat he smiled.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 2.

Sir G. H. His Mood was always light.
He never curbed the Freedom of his tongue,
E'en tho' his Jest's made Havoc of himself.

Sir H. B. But is not this the day my Lord the Mayor
Through all the City fares, in Pomp and State?

Sir G. H. Ay, marry 'tis, and therein dwells the hope
This Deed will pass unnoticed of the Throng.

Sir H. B. That hope is vain. When such a Man
doth face
The Headsman's Axe, he will not want for Friends
To speed him through the closing Scene of Life.

Enter DEAN TOWNSON, L.

Dean. Ah! Sirs, our Mission here is sad indeed.
And, yet, no parting Soul has thought of Death,
Within the hour He came, so firm resolved,
That, as he lived, unwarned, and feared Him not,
So now, when warned, he'd fear Him still the less.
His courage falters not, his hope of Heaven,

Enter gallery LORDS ARUNDEL, OXFORD, and
NORTHAMPTON.

No Thought unchristian, or profane, doth dim.
He ate his food this Morn, and smoked his Weed,
As if he purposed but a 'customed Jaunt.

Enter JOHN ELLIOTT.

Elliott. I pray ye, Sirs, who meets the Axe to-day?

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 2.

Sir G. H. As true a Man as ever served the King.
Elliott. If that were so, the King would spare his Life.
Sir G. H. 'Tis so, young man, and yet he needs
must die,

And we must question not the Royal Will.
His luckless Venture, o'er the Spanish Main,
Hath cost his Son, and now doth cost his Life.
Count Gondomar, Ambassador of Spain,
Hath called him Pirate, and demands his Head.
The Law hath ordered that his death is just,
King James hath signed the Warrant for his Doom.
What can we more?

Elliott. But little now, indeed.
Yet when true Men are given to the Block,
Their bleeding Trunks bedraggled in the Dust,
Tho' to their King and Country they are true,
To feed the Malice of a Foreign Power,
No passing Jeopardy o'erhangs the State.
Who wears the Crown, if he would wear it well,
Must knit his People to him that he rules,
And cherish those whose Strength supports the Throne,
Or God will put Another in his Place.
This act forbodes dark stormy Times to come,
I would it were not so. But, yonder, see,
Where comes the Man, whose blood will be avenged,
If Heaven's High Lord shall hold him wrongly slain.

Enter procession, with RALEGH in centre, R.
Raleigh. Thanks, thanks, good Friends, the World is
but a Prison,

Which daily gives some Victim unto Death.
My heart doth mount, my Sorrows all are o'er.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 2.

Francis Thynne. [*His Cousin.*] Be not so brave, Sir

Walter, lest your Foes
Should deem you hardened——

Raleigh. Stint me not this mirth,
Perchance 'twill be my last, but when we part
You'll see me sad enough to leave you all.

[*To SIR HUGH BEESTON.*]

What! thou art here? Nay, greet me with a smile.
Be not so sad. This is a Day of Joy.

[*To SIR GEORGE HARVEY.*]

Ah! good Sir George, my Prison days are done.
Thou know'st how true my Fealty to the King.
By scorning Safety I was courting Death,
And knew it not.

Enter LADY RALEGH.

Lady R. Kind people, give me room,
And hear me, Husband, ere Thou'rt torn away.
I would that I might perish at thy side.
I scarce can tell Thee of the cruel Charge,
Which now has reached me from the Council Board.
The Lords refused that we should meet in life,
And bade me claim thy body, when Thou'rt dead—
To tell Thee this but adds a Pang to Death.
Alas!——

Raleigh. Nay, nay, sweet Coz, bear up thy Heart;
My Soul shall tend thee when my heart is still.
'Tis well they can't despoil Thee, Bess, of that.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 2.

Lady R. Oh! Heaven protect thee!— [*Swoons.*

Raleigh. On, my Masters, on,

And bear her hence until my Passing's o'er,
Give me to drink.

Bystander. A cup of Sack, Sir Knight,
Will't serve thy turn?

Raleigh. Why, yes! dost mind that Knave,
Who quaffed St. Giles's bowl by Tyburn Tree?
"This drink" said he, "if I might stay by it,
Is good." Alas! my luck's at one with his.

[*Drinks.*

Sheriff. Nay, tarry, an' thou wilt, thy breath is scant,

Raleigh. I thank you, Sirs, but let us hasten on,
I would not have my ague seize me now.
Old friend, why here upon this biting morn?
Wouldst aught of me?

Old Man. I come to shake your hand,
And pray for you, brave Knight—I ask but that.

Raleigh. [*Shaking his hand.*] Thou shalt. I grieve I
cannot aid thee more,

But yes—thy needs are greater here than mine;
Take thou this Cap, and shield thy aged head.
'Twill serve thee still, my need for it is past.

[*At the foot of the Scaffold, to the Sheriffs.*

I prithee, Sirs, give pause a little space,
My limbs are weak, and I must rest awhile.
Ah! Lords and Ladies, greeting to you all.

Sheriff. Come, warm thy body, ere thou dost ascend.

Raleigh. Nay, nay, the ague threatens me again,
And, if I shiver, men will say I fear.

God knows I fear not aught upon this Earth.

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 2.

[To the Sheriff, who helps him up.]

I thank thee, Sir. I shall not need thee more.

[Proclamation of silence.]

[Faintly.] Good Friends, a Fever held me Yesternorn,

And, if the Fit take hold of me anew,

Account my palsied Gait to that alone.

God knows how freely now I go to Death—

Nay, I will raise my voice——

Lords.

Not so, Sir Knight,

We will come down——

Raleigh.

Nay, prithee, trouble not.

[They come down and shake his hand.]

I thank Thee, God, I die in open Day,

Before this goodly Concourse of my Friends,

And not within the Darkness of the Tower,

Where thirteen Years of pent up life were mine,

'Mid Pangs and Miseries which have rent my heart,

Till it doth almost fail me at the Last.

There are who say that I reviled the King.

'Tis false. I fear nor flatter Princes now.

What King can aid me now but Mighty Death?

If I was e'er disloyal to your King,

Come, Death, and blot me from the Book of Life.

I told thee, Arundel, I would return,

When, on the Destiny, thou bad'st me to.

Arundel. 'Tis true, thou didst. I ne'er have seen
thee since.

Right well thou hast redeemed thy Knightly Pledge.

Raleigh. And so must die. Now, Comrades, ere I go,

Sir Walter
Raleigh.
V. 2.

Before I take my last long Journey hence,
I bid you all farewell, and crave your prayers.

[*All retire but the Sheriffs, Dean, RALEGH,
and Executioner. RALEGH asks to see
the axe.*

I prithee, let me see it. Dost thou think
I fear it?

[*Takes it and kisses it.*

No. This Medicine, Sirs, is sharp.

Its Cure is sound for all the Ills of Man.

Friends, pray for Strength to aid me to the Last.

Executioner. [*Kneeling.*] I crave your pardon, ere I
strike the Blow.

Raleigh. Nay! it is thine, thou dost but serve the
King.

Sheriff. Sir Walter, prithee, kneel toward the East.

Raleigh. I will, Sir Sheriff. If the Heart be right,
Or East or West will serve the Head as well.

[*To the Headsman, calmly.*

Bind not mine eyes, the Shadow of the Axe

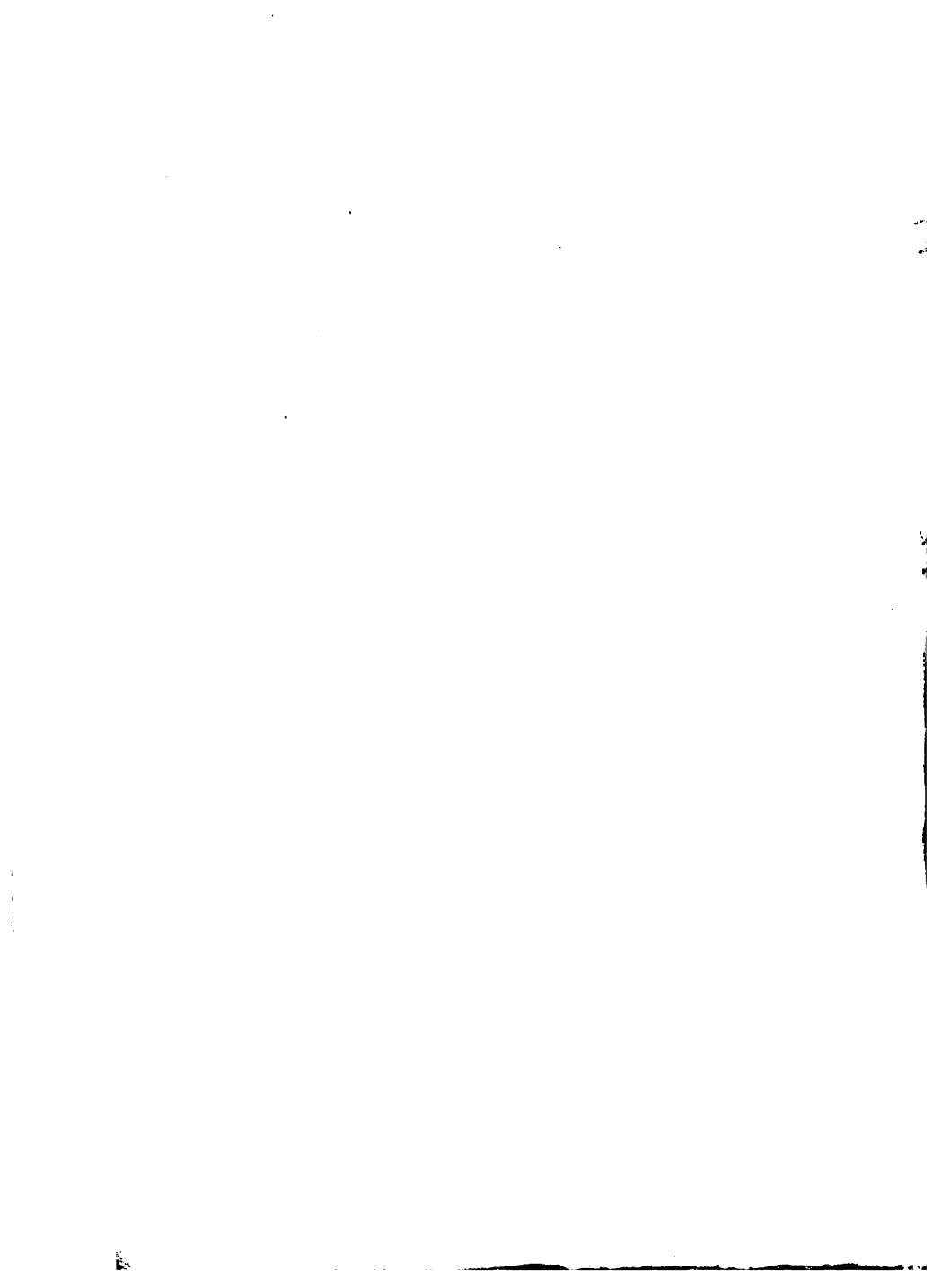
Affrights me not. I know the Edge is keen.

And when I fold my hands, then, strike! man, strike!
[*Kneels.*

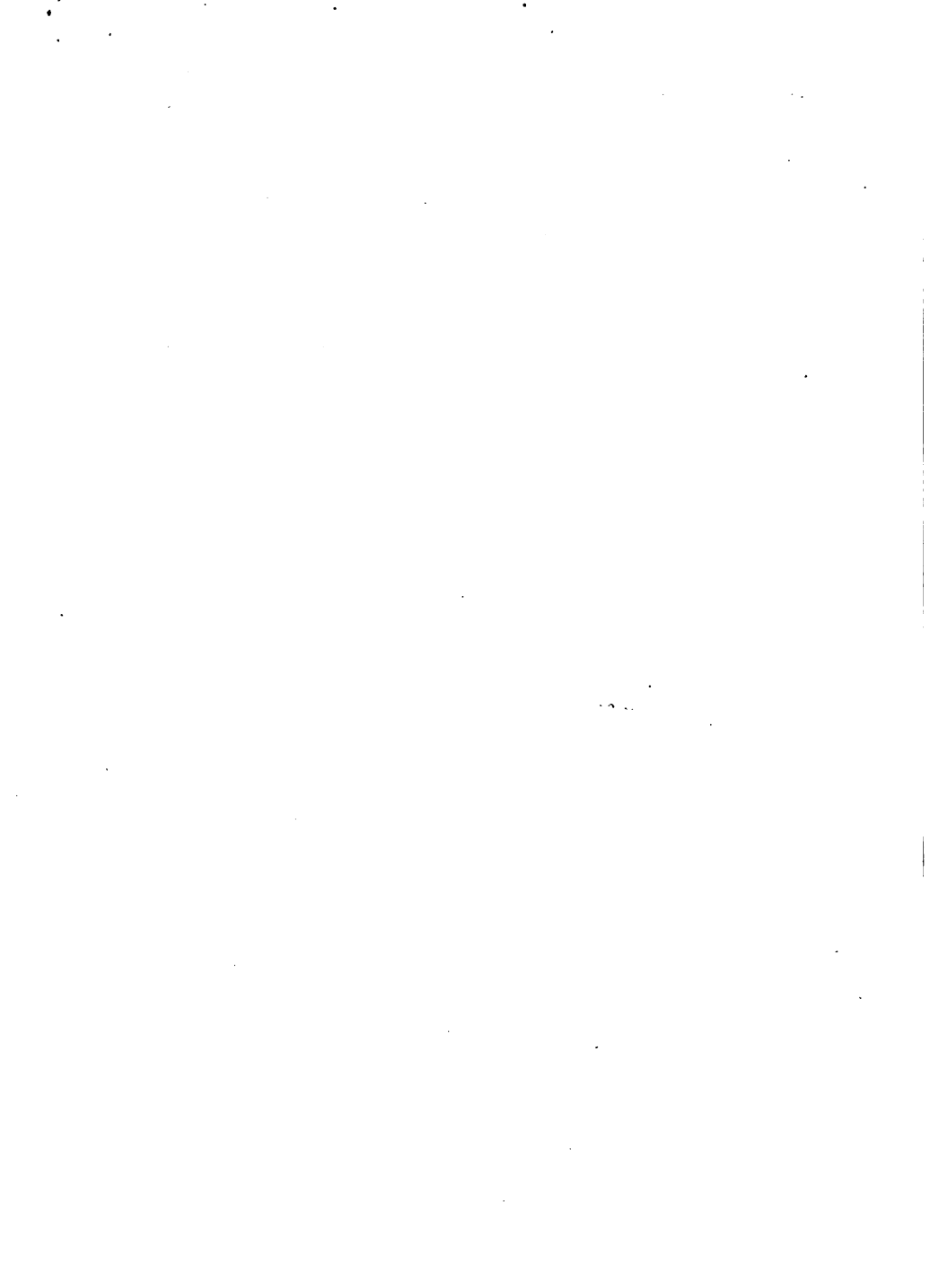
FINIS.



TOMBSTONE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.



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